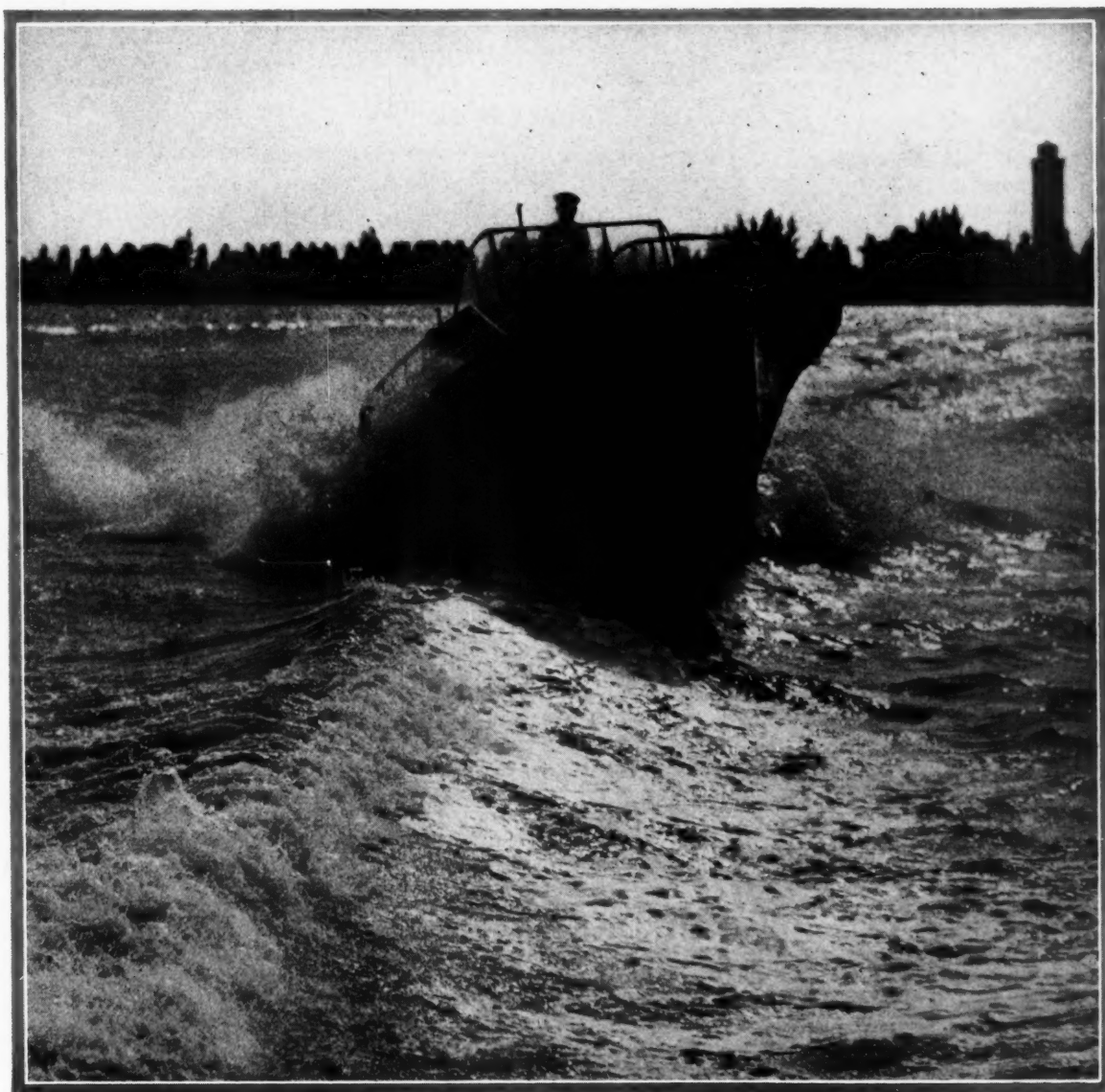


THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HUNDREDTH YEAR

1926

MAY 13

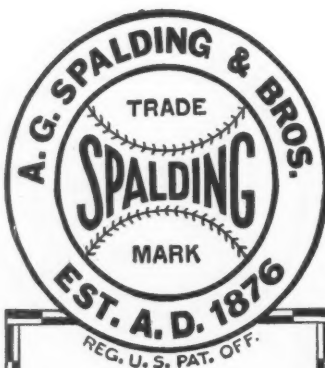


On the Crest of the Wave

Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

In this Issue • Stories by Zay Philbrook, Gladys Blake, Valentine Vine
"What I Learned From the Champion," by Alexander L. Wiener

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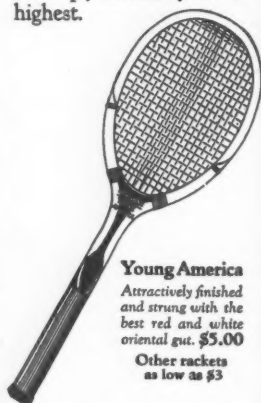


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BACKHAND DRIVE
Meeting the Ball
Notice the flat racket face. The stiff wrist and hand on top of handle. The body sideways to net, weight swinging forward.



THE VOLLEY
Forehand Volley
Notice feet; left foot advanced to the ball and weight on the shot; the wrist below the racket head; eyes watching the ball as it comes to you; the left hand used as a balance.



THE VOLLEY
Backhand Volley
Notice feet; right foot extended into the shot and body sideways to net. Flat racket face, wrist stiff and below head of racket; left arm used as balance; eyes on the ball.



THE FOREHAND DRIVE
About to meet the ball. Notice the flat racket face well away from the body and in front of the belt buckle.

"TENNIS gives more to the boy who plays it than any other game. Besides providing exercise, tennis brings much more. . . . Nowhere will you find a better analysis of a man's character than on the tennis court."—From THE JUNIOR PLAYER by Wm. T. Tilden, 2nd, in the Spalding Athletic Library series.

Tennis is a game of the whole body. It is not merely a question of swinging your arms and hitting a ball with a racket. It is a game of legs, arms, body and—above all—of brain. Do not let your attention wander while practicing. Forget everything else. Concentrate. Have only one thought in mind—tennis. Play for every set with every ounce of determination in your body. Play to win every game in the set, every point in the game, every shot in the point.

One thing must be firmly fixed in mind, that is: do not try to "kill" the ball every time you hit it. Put the ball where you want it. Put it there correctly in good form. Put it there carefully.

After you can do all of these things surely, put it there fast. In other words, never hit a tennis ball without a definite idea as to how and where it is going, and what you are trying to do with it. If you have a pronounced weakness, instead of trying to hide it in practice, use all the time to strengthen it. The only solution to any weakness is incessant practice, until it becomes a strength. If you cannot make a stroke in correct form in practice, don't make it at all.

Don't face the net when making a stroke. Don't look away from the ball. Don't use two hands on a racket. Don't quit. Don't grouch. Don't lose your temper. Don't argue. Don't fool; be serious. Don't underestimate your opponent. Don't overestimate yourself. Don't stand around heated after playing. Don't worry if you get licked.

Learn the rules. There are not many, and they are simple, but they are important.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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Miscellany

WHERE TO FIND THE SPRING

By Homer E. Woodbridge

Pasque-flowers on a Colorado mesa, bare and windswept,
Lifting blue cups boldly under gray March skies
To harsh cliffs, and snowy slopes, and far peaks above them—
These are but the glances of the young Spring's eyes.

Red-bud trees aflame in an Indiana forest,
Wild plum blossoms, and roadsides violet-strewn,
Gold of yellow celandines, and green flush of leafbuds—
These are but the rainbow border of her gown.

Mayflowers playing hide-and-seek on brown New England hillsides,
Bloodroot gleaming white where a brook through alder slips,
Clustered wood anemones, and red wake-robins—
These are but the touches of her warm finger tips.
Children on a dingy street in drab East Cambridge,
Dancing on the pavement to a hurdy-gurdy's croon,
Dark-eyed sons and daughters of Italian sunlight,
They swing in joyous rhythm to an old Irish tune.

For it's May Day in the cobbled street where green things never grow,
But the barber's pole is white and red in honor of the May;
And around it two by two and hand in hand the urchins go,
And the smallest girl trips all alone with dainty steps and gay.
Oh, the red-buds weave the dress of Spring,
The pasque-flower is her glance,
On mesa, prairie, wooded hill her footprints may be seen;
But a ragged star-eyed elf among the children in their dance,
'Tis Spring herself is swaying to "The Wearing of the Green."

WHAT WE ARE AND MAY BECOME

THE Bible does not tell us everything that we should like to know. Its writers do not pretend that they know all that they could wish to be sure about. Of many things it must be said, "It doth not yet appear." But those words are not to be construed as a mere negation. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be" does not mean the placing of a barrier, but the removal of a limitation. The words suggest possibilities greater and finer than those of our meager imagination. They warn us against accepting too near an horizon. And we must not think of it as a promise intended wholly for heaven. That may be, and probably is, included; but the promise is also for this life. Thomas Gray mused in a village churchyard on the latent talents permanently buried there with no hope of their coming

to fruition on earth, but St. John suggests the possibility of larger things in this life than we have dared to hope. The saddest burials are not those of men and women who are dead, but of talents hidden in napkins, their possible wealth unsuspected by their owners.

It is time to protest against the literature of despair which has no little vogue in some quarters. It tells people that it is futile for them to aspire to be great, and a foolish deprivation to seek to be good. The Bible holds no such view of life. It does not promise every man that he shall be great, but it says that most men can be greater and very much better than they are, and that the quest is well worth one's very best effort. That is not all it says. It declares that God has large resources for the help of those who make the most of their opportunities.

The lives of the great instruct us in many ways, one of which is that almost any of them might easily have missed being great if he had failed to take advantage of some favorable opportunity such as other men neglect. Some men may improve every opportunity and never be great; but that does not prove that it is right to neglect opportunities. The honor roll of those who have entered into life in its higher and larger meanings is a list of those who have not let themselves slip into disregard of opportunities for larger service and greater goodness.

What we are to be must be related to what we are. "Even now are we the sons of God." That is why it is reasonable for us to hope for and proper to expect the very best. So much for this life; and why not also for heaven?

TENNYSON IN BREAKFAST MOOD

GOOD temper and genius do not always dwell together, but the disagreeable characteristics of the great have the virtue of furnishing amusement for the next generation. In his "Romantic '90s" Richard Le Gallienne tells about a disconcerting breakfast experience with Tennyson and Herbert Spencer as repeated to him by the luckless participant, Mr. Frederic Harrison, the historian, who at that time knew neither of them.

The occasion was one of those famous breakfasts given by George Henry Lewes, the husband of George Eliot. Mr. Harrison found himself seated between two formidable figures, no less than Tennyson on his left and Herbert Spencer on his right. It was from Tennyson that the first conversational advances came—somewhat in this fashion. Mr. Harrison had been for some moments aware that Tennyson was observing him with no friendly eye. He, however, affected not to notice it, but this was not to avail him; for presently the deep voice growled out:

"I suppose you know who I am?"

On which Mr. Harrison mildly avowed his ignorance—in itself, need one say, an unforgivable offense. After a thunderous pause, his gracious neighbor returned to the charge, with:

"I'm Mr. Tennyson, and if I thought as you do—I'd go and hang myself!"

Such was Tennyson's idea of breakfast-table amenities.

A DOUBTFUL TESTIMONIAL

HAVE you ever been curious about a letter that some friend has written about you to introduce you to another? Then imagine how trying it would be to have the letter in a language you could not read! In the early days of the Hudson's Bay Company they used to give "certificates" of good character to those Indians who seemed to deserve it. These the Indians called "teapots," since that was as near as they could get to the pronunciation. They valued them greatly, carried them around with them and always presented them when they wished to do some trading with a white man. One old Indian kept one for years, presenting it whenever occasion offered, and never guessed that what it said was:

"This old fellow is a regular scamp. Watch him or he will cheat you out of everything. He lies like the mischief."

A TEMPER-SAVING DEVICE

A DUTCH engineer has constructed a bell only an eighth of an inch in height that can be heard ringing thirty yards away. One should be attached to every collar stud.

—Punch.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 100

NUMBER 19



Sandy Wiener smashes a high one; Bill Tilden wonders if it is time to go to the net. National Doubles Championship, Chestnut Hill, Pa., 1925

What I Learned from the Champion

By ALEXANDER L. WIENER

IT was in the fall of the year 1921 that I first met Bill Tilden, the National Tennis Champion. The meeting came about through a friend of both of us, and I never shall forget that day when I first grasped the hand of the greatest tennis player that ever lived.

The next morning, as it happened, Bill came to Germantown Academy, where I attended school, to give a talk in the chapel; and when school was over he came up to me and asked if I would like to see a "movie" with him. That afternoon was the beginning of our friendship. He told me that he had heard that I played a good game of tennis and that he would like to see me play. I had taken tennis lessons in the summers of 1918 and 1919 from William Hinchcliffe, the Yale coach and professional at the Skokie Country Club, Chicago, and those lessons had started me on my game; but it did not seem a game for the champion to bother about.

Nevertheless, a day or two later Bill asked me to play with him. He came to my house in his car to get me; so there was no possibility of backing out. Fortunately for me, when we arrived at the Germantown Cricket Club, where we were to play, another boy was waiting to play with Bill; so I was not alone when I stepped on the court with the champion. I shall never forget the first ball he hit to me. I made up my mind I was going to return it somehow; but in thinking this I forgot to get a good grip on my racket, and when the ball hit it the racket turned in my hand and fell to the court, while the ball rolled off to one side. Then Bill gave me my first advice in tennis: always have a tight grip on the racket when you hit the ball. Gradually fear left me, and I made a couple of fairly good shots; but most of them were poor. I was much too conscious of the fact that I was rallying with a great tennis player.

Beginning of a Partnership, 1922-25

About a week later Bill was at my home for dinner, and in the midst of the conversation he said, "Sandy, how would you like to play doubles in some tournaments with me next year?" It took me by such surprise that I did not answer. Bill then went on and said that he had liked my game and the earnestness with which I played. After dinner he had a long talk with my parents about my playing with him and about my game. When he left my home that night I was his new doubles partner. Before he left he prophesied that during the season of 1922 we should reach the semifinals of every tournament in which we played. As it turned out, he was one hundred per cent right, for we reached the semifinals in every tournament except two; one of those two we won, while in the other we were beaten in the round before the semifinals.

All during the winter of 1921-22 Bill and I practiced in one of the squash courts at the Germantown Cricket Club. Almost every day he took me into the court and showed me how to make my shots. He taught me everything he knew about tennis shots—how to stand at right angles to the net when making a backhand or forehand; how to step into the ball, putting the weight on the forward foot; how to "shake hands" with the racket, which gives the forehand grip, and then turn the hand a semi-circle

At school I had always played those other games and had taken a great interest in them, especially in football. I hated like poison to give football up, and I began to argue with Bill about why I should do so. He soon convinced me that I was wrong, saying, among other things, that it is better to be a great star in one sport than a mediocre player in two or three.

The spring of 1922 arrived, and my first test came when I played on the school team. I played number four position, and during

the boys I played were pat-ball players with no style at all. I would try to make my shots in the correct manner, and my opponent would just push it back to me; so of course I was the first to miss. Bill told me that these pat-ballers would get no farther in their game, and that I would beat them in a few years. He was right. I have beaten every boy to whom I lost my first year on the school team. When you are playing a pat-baller, don't pat the ball with him, but practice and make your shots right.

Our first doubles season of 1922 was fair and, as I said before, fulfilled Bill's prophecy. We beat a few good teams, such as Samuel Hardy and "Chuck" Garland in the first round of the National Clay Court Championship at Indianapolis, but we also lost to some poor teams. At the end of the season I entered in the Boys' National Championship at Boston. Bill told me I should do very well in the tournament and maybe win it. I won my first match, and in the second round I lost to David O'Loughlin of Johnstown, Pa., who finally won the title. However, in the match I learned a lesson, which is: never let up when you are in the lead. In the first set I led Dave four games to one and then, thinking I had the set won, let up a bit. This was a fatal mistake, as Dave came on, and I never had another chance in the match.

During the winter of 1922-23 I practiced as much as I could, playing in the indoor courts at Buffalo, Providence, Montreal and Philadelphia. In the spring I went to Bermuda, where Bill and I played some matches. Then the school season came again, and this time there was a little improvement. I finished the season by winning about half my matches.

During the summer of 1923 Bill and I again played in a number of tournaments. We won three titles and reached the semifinals in all the others—quite a bit of improvement over the work of the former year. In the boys' class I won four titles, but when the biggest one came—the Boys' National Championship—I weakened. It was a bitter disappointment to Bill and me when I was put out in the second round. The reason I lost the match, according to Bill, was that I did not have enough competitive spirit.

Fight is just about as important in tennis as it is in football or boxing.

What Experience Does for You

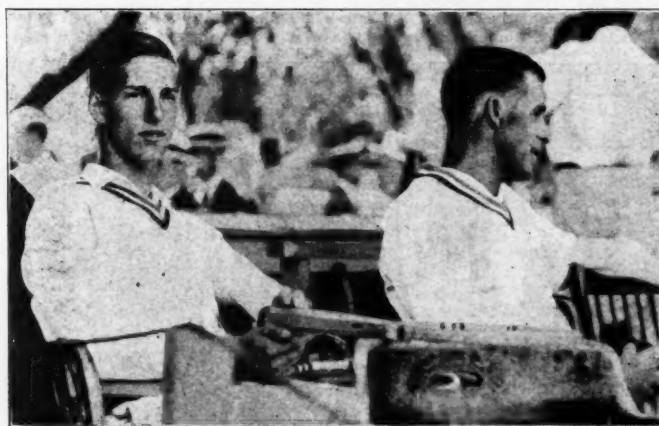
The year 1924 marked a big improvement in my game. I grew four inches and put on ten pounds during the winter. During the school season I did not lose a match—a fact that showed I was on the right road. This success in my school matches greatly pleased my instructor. In my matches he made me go out after every shot, and not stop chasing the ball until it had bounced twice. I had a

What the Champion Thinks of Sandy Wiener

SANDY WIENER is as fine a representative of sportsmanship in American boyhood as I have ever known. In this article, he has shown a little of the trials of a youngster in playing with a champion, but his friendship for me has led him to leave out the true light on the fact that a champion always forces his pupil over the hardest road, so that he shall take his bumps as a boy and gain experience that will stand him in good stead as a man. Sandy took my often too vigorous prodding with real sportsmanlike spirit and has more than fulfilled my dreams.

W. T. TILDEN, 2ND.

National Singles Champion, 1920-1926



Photographs by courtesy of American Lawn Tennis
"We beat Voshell and Chapin in four sets." Wiener and Tilden just before their victory in the finals of the Rhode Island State Championship at Providence, 1925

to the top of the racket, which gives the backhand grip; and numerous other things. Days and days we worked, until one day Bill said, "Sandy, do you want to be a great tennis player?" I answered, "Yes." Then he told me I must give up football and baseball and concentrate on tennis.

the season I won only three matches. I was terribly discouraged and felt that I should never be a tennis player. I will tell you why I didn't win more matches, just as Bill explained it to me after the school season. During the winter Bill had taught me strokes, and nothing but strokes. Most of

tendency to be a little lazy on the court, as I did not run after balls which I thought were out of my reach. When Bill made me chase shots I thought he was crazy, because it seemed foolish to waste one's energy. I soon saw I could get to shots which I never dreamed I could make, but it was not until 1925, in a match in Chicago in which I played Berkley Bell, Junior Champion of Texas, for the Illinois State Junior Championship, that it was fully impressed on my mind. As I went on the court Bill said to me, "Chase every shot until you can't stand up." I carried out these orders, and it won the match for me. I put back shots which Berkley thought he had "put away," and they so surprised him that he'd miss his shots.

Bill and I had a rather bad start in our doubles. We lost in the semifinals at Buffalo, lost in the finals at Pittsburgh to A. H. Chapin and C. S. Garland, and lost in the round before the semifinals at Chicago to Axel Graven and George Lott. However, in the National Clay Court Tournament at St. Louis we turned the tables. In the round of eight we had a terrifically hard five-set match with Bill Hamman and Wray Brown, in which we finally won out. In the semifinals Bill and I played the best match we had ever played when we beat "Babe" Norton and Clarence J. Griffin, 10-8, 6-2, 6-3. The result surprised Norton and Griffin as much as it did us. The next day, however, in the finals, the Kinsey brothers trimmed us in three straight sets.

That year we also visited the Pacific Coast, where we played in the Southern California Championship at Los Angeles. I should not say "played," since we spent most of our time exploring the wilds of Hollywood. We met Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Harold

Lloyd, "Jackie" Coogan and many others. We saw all kinds of scenes being filmed and had the time of our lives.

Now to get back to tennis. I should like to tell an incident that occurred in the tournament which contradicts a statement I made about chasing all shots. Bill and I were playing Roland Roberts and Wallace Bates in a semifinal match. We had them match point when I put up a lob to Roberts. Roberts has one of the finest overhead shots in the country, and he smacked this one toward Bill's sideline. Bill started chasing it, forgetting that the back stop was very near the court and made of cement, and he crashed into it. The shock jarred him, and he did not know where he was the remainder of the match, which of course we lost. Now, if Bill hadn't chased that shot, he would have been all right the rest of the match, and we might have won it; yet he might have returned that shot, and then we would have won the match. So you see you can look at it either way.

The National Doubles in 1924 was played in Boston, and Bill and I were all keyed up to make a good showing. It was the first year we had entered the National Championship, and the results of our playing would fix our rating and show whether or not we should be in the first ten. In the first round we met George Lott, then National Junior Champion, and Emmett Pare of Chicago, and we won after a terrific five-set struggle. The next day we met R. N. Williams and Watson Washburn, the former Davis Cup doubles team, and they beat us in three close sets. Our showing that year must have been pretty good, as we were ranked number eight in the country as a doubles team.

The year 1925 marked another big im-

provement in my game as well as in our double team. During the winter I began to taste blood when I beat José Alonso, Spanish player, at the indoor Buffalo tournament and "Tackie" Harada, Japanese Davis Cup player, in the Palm Beach tournament at Florida. It was at the Palm Beach tournament that Bill and I had our only disagreement. He thought I had a slight inclination to self-satisfaction after beating Harada that caused me to not try my hardest. In the finals of the men's doubles we were playing Howard Voshell and Manuel Alonso. We had them two sets to one, and at the beginning of the fourth set we began to fight about shots, about where I should play and numerous other things. We lost that set and the next in a very short time. After the match we had a talk. Bill would not agree with me on certain points in tennis, and I would not agree with him on others. When we left Palm Beach we were no longer a doubles team. We had broken up and did not expect to play together again. This break lasted for two months, until my father brought us together. We thrashed things out, and when Bill left we were good friends again and resolved to continue with our doubles combination.

"Time Will Tell"

From then on we had the best season we ever had. We won the Rhode Island State Championship, beating Howard Voshell and A. H. Chapin, Jr., in four sets in the finals. We then went to St. Louis to the National Clay Court Championship and beat the Kinsey Brothers, then national champions, in the semifinals, but lost in the finals to Harvey Snodgrass and Walter Wesbrook. The next week we went

to Chicago, where we beat W. T. Hayes and Al Green, George Lott and Samuel Hardy, and in the semifinals the Kinseys had us two sets to one when Bob Kinsey was taken with cramps and could not continue; so the match was defaulted to us. This put us in the finals, where we lost to W. M. Johnston and C. J. Griffin. Then the National Doubles came, and Bill was anxious to win. We beat A. W. Jones and W. W. Ingraham in the first round, Max Decugis and Jacques Brugnon, French Davis Cup players, in the second. Then we met Johnston and Griffin again. We went on the court with blood in our eyes. We won the first set, dropped the second, but won the third. During the rest period, Bill's arm, which had been paining him during the whole tournament, tightened on him, and we lost the remaining two sets.

It was in this tournament that I accomplished something I had never done before, and that is—playing my best tennis in the most important matches. Bill says that I never played better tennis in my life.

In closing I should like to indicate our hopes for the coming year. Bill made me put them in. After the 1925 season Bill and I had a long talk. In consequence we have two things in mind for this season, and only two. One is to win the National Doubles Championship, and the other is for me to win the National Junior Championship. Bill believes we can attain them, and I am going out to do it just for his sake. Time alone will tell if he is right. He is not only a staunch friend but also one of the finest sportsmen in America.

Next Week: AT THE FOOT OF THE LADDER, by GLENNA COLLETT. The first of a series on Golf for Young Players, by the National Women's Champion.

The Scratches on the Glass

By GLADYS BLAKE

Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN

Chapter VII. A Clue

A DEEPER gold had come into the sunlight, and the nights were growing cooler. Still the boys and girls in the old Cherokee house had not found a purple rock.

They had searched every inch of the neighborhood and had even risked questioning the people of the village, but without useful result. Major Morgan, to whom they almost betrayed their secret by their frequent questions, declared that they seemed to be losing their minds on the subject of geology. He said he had never guessed before that they had such a passionate interest in rocks. It became necessary for the young people to read up on rocks in an encyclopedia in order to talk learnedly about what gave them color and not seem unduly interested in those of a purple hue; otherwise they would surely have roused suspicion. As it was, they thought and talked of rocks until they took to dreaming of them at night.

Even the Major felt a little blue about it.

THE morning after Nancy dreamed of being chased by a purple rock Frank suggested to his sisters and Gilbert that they all forget their quest for one day and borrow the automobile and make an excursion to some place so distant that they would not be tempted to look round for colored stones. That would give their minds a real rest.

"I'll tell you where we'll go!" cried Blanche and named the nearest city. "It's not more than fifty miles, and the road is fairly good all the way. If we start early, we'll have time for some shopping, for lunch at a café, and maybe a movie. It's amazing the way we've stuck to the country all summer."

"Yes, let's do that," agreed Nancy eagerly. "I really must stop thinking about purple rocks for a while or I'll go crazy. In a city there won't be any temptation to search for treasure, and we know that old Chief John Chester didn't go fifty miles from home to bury his gold. Where our purple rock can't be we won't look for it."

The girls ran to dress while the boys got the car ready; before nine o'clock they were on their way toward the city.

"For one day rocks don't exist!" cried Nancy happily, leaning back against the

cushions of the car. "Presto! They have ceased to be!"

But, like many other things denied existence by radical young people, the rocks remained firmly in their places just the same, and the car was safely upheld on its fifty-mile trip. The city also was found resting on firm foundations. After putting the car in a garage the girls and boys prepared to make a day of it.

The only change in their plans occurred in the afternoon when instead of going to a picture-show they visited a museum. The shows in town that week were of a sort that the girls did not think their mother would want them to see, and the museum looked inviting. Afterwards Blanche and Nancy

told each other that what they found in that museum was their reward for being so good.

IT was in the Indian section, among a host of other relics, that they saw it—a large, flat, purple rock! Every one of the four gave a start as they noticed it and exchanged swift and excited glances.

"Oh, where did that come from?" asked Nancy, grasping the arm of one of the museum officials and pointing toward the stone. "Did it come from anywhere round Monkshood?"

"Why, yes, it did," answered the man after a moment's thought. He evidently had the history of all the relics filed away in his brain. "That rock is an old altar stone from

a Cherokee temple—or *kiva*—or whatever those queer ceremonial houses were called where the Indians used to perform mystic rites and instruct their young men in the secrets of the tribe. This particular stone was found in an old log tower standing on the mountain side not far from the present village of Monkshood. It was dug up and sent here many years ago when white people came into possession of the tower. I believe the tower was turned into a slave market; the block from which the slaves were auctioned stands now on the spot from which this stone was dug. If you are interested in old Indian relics, you should see that tower. It has had a long and peculiar history."

"We've seen the tower," Frank told him. "We've even added a chapter to its peculiar history. Come on!" he added to Gilbert and the girls, "I'm starting home at once."

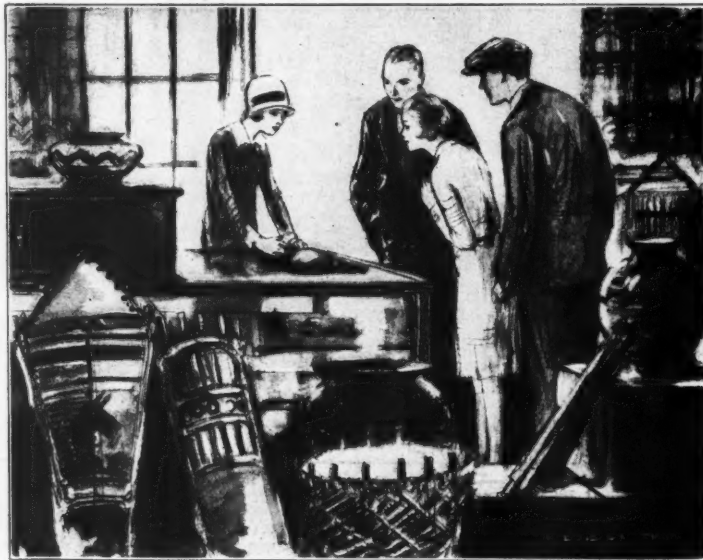
The others were equally eager to start home. Frank insisted that he should be allowed to drive the car because he was the best driver in the party and could make the trip quickest, but Blanche said it was her turn to drive, and that she could make the trip as quickly as he could. In the argument Nancy sided with Frank, but Gilbert took Blanche's part. Blanche thought at the time that it was chivalry that caused Gilbert to side with her and was grateful. Later she wasn't so sure; at any rate it was her hand on the wheel that guided the car on the return trip.

Now Blanche was a good driver, but on this occasion all sorts of mishaps occurred. There was engine trouble and tire trouble; dusk had fallen before they passed through the one long street of Monkshood and finally reached the house which three of them had come to think of as home. It was too late to go treasure-hunting that night if they did not want to take Major and Mrs. Morgan into the secret.

"Tomorrow will be time enough," said Blanche. "We can be patient until then."

"Yes," agreed Frank in the whispered consultation they were holding in the hall, "but let's get up at daylight. I can't be patient much longer."

"I think we had better wait until after breakfast," said Blanche. "That is, if we want to keep it all secret from father and mother. After breakfast they won't notice where we go or what we do, but any earlier expedition will have to be explained. And if we didn't find a treasure, daddy is such a tease we'd never hear the last of it."



In the Indian section among a host of other relics the four saw it—a large, flat, purple rock! "Oh, where did that come from?" asked Nancy

It was hard to convince Frank and Nancy that the hunt had better be postponed until after breakfast the next day, but once more Gilbert took Blanche's part. Nine o'clock was fixed as the hour for starting on the exploration.

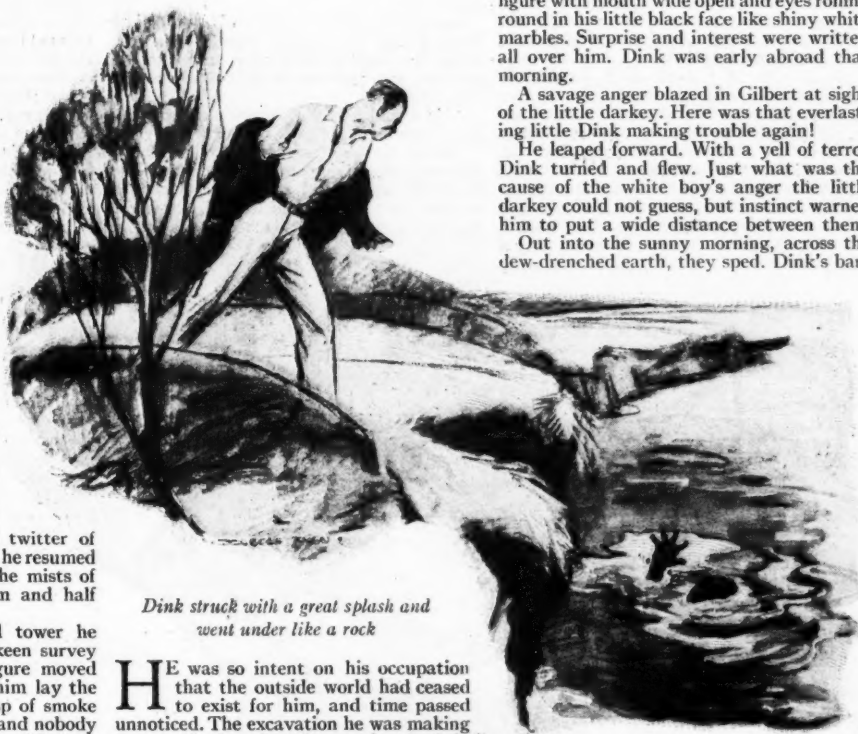
Why then did Gilbert Kent sleep so little that night and steal out of bed at the first gleam of light and dress as quietly as possible? The note he left on his pillow, telling Frank, if he should wake, that he had gone for a walk and perhaps a swim, seemed hardly adequate to explain his actions. For he left the sleeping house as softly as a mouse steals from its hole, and in the barn he paused to select a spade and shovel from among the garden implements there before he started off in the direction of the river.

And this direction he changed very soon, taking the path that led up the mountain-side. Assuredly Gilbert was not going swimming that morning! His mind was set on something very different, and he looked often over his shoulder and all round him as if fearful of being watched. Once he stopped and listened intently as if he had caught a strange sound and did not move on until he had convinced himself that he was mistaken. Only the flutter and twitter of sleepy birds broke the silence. So he resumed his way with swift, light steps; the mists of early morning eddied round him and half concealed his progress.

At the entrance to the old tower he paused again and took a final keen survey of the neighborhood. Not a figure moved as far as he could see. Below him lay the houses of the village, but no wisp of smoke came from any of the chimneys, and nobody appeared out of doors. All the world slumbered.

Satisfied that he was not observed, the boy entered the tower and set down his tools. Then he closely inspected the old slave block, walking all round it and examining the ground on which it stood. With

his hands on the block he stood for a moment as if in thought, and then drew a ruler from his pocket and measured eleven feet three inches to the east. There he drew a long line that bisected the whole of the room. Evidently he was making large allowances for something! Then he took a long breath, secured his spade and began to dig.



Dink struck with a great splash and went under like a rock

HE was so intent on his occupation that the outside world had ceased to exist for him, and time passed unnoticed. The excavation he was making was nearly four feet deep and extended all along the line he had drawn in the dust. While he dug, his breath came fast and his heart thumped against his breast. Every time he drove his spade into the earth his eyes gleamed with expectation, and when at last the spade struck something that was not

a rock, he dropped to his knees and began scooping out the earth with his hands.

"LAWDEE, Massa Gilbert, whut you doing?" asked a voice behind him in great astonishment. "Whut you digging dat great big ole hole fur?"

Gilbert leaped to his feet and whirled round. In the open doorway stood a small figure with mouth wide open and eyes rolling round in his little black face like shiny white marbles. Surprise and interest were written all over him. Dink was early abroad that morning.

A savage anger blazed in Gilbert at sight of the little darkey. Here was that everlasting little Dink making trouble again!

He leaped forward. With a yell of terror Dink turned and flew. Just what was the cause of the white boy's anger the little darkey could not guess, but instinct warned him to put a wide distance between them.

Out into the sunny morning, across the dew-drenched earth, they sped. Dink's bare

pursuer deftly headed him off and forced him to turn toward the river and run along its banks in the hope of reaching the safety of the village. But the village was a long way off, and Dink knew that he could never reach it before he was overtaken if he depended on speed alone. So he resorted to strategy. Looking behind him and seeing how close was his pursuer, he dodged behind a clump of bushes that grew on the bank. It was an unlucky move. Losing his balance he went tumbling down the steep bank into the water. He struck with a great splash and went under like a rock.

Coming to the surface again, Dink caught at a frail reed growing out of the bank, and, not being able to swim a stroke, appealed for rescue to the boy from whom he had been running away.

"Oh, Lawdee, Massa Gilbert, git me outer here," he implored. "I ain't gwiner tell nobody about dat ole hole you wuz digging. I ain't gwiner tell nobody nuthin'."

Gilbert regarded him thoughtfully. Then he plunged in and pulled the boy out; when he had him safe on the river bank some of his former anger began to return.

"Dink," he said, "if you ever breathe a word of what you've seen this morning, do you know what I'll do to you?"

Dink, shaking in every limb, shook his head likewise in token that he did not know.

"I'll catch you in the woods some day," said Gilbert, "and I'll clutch your hair with one hand—like this!—and with the other hand and a long sharp knife I'll cut all round your little woolly pate—like this!—and I'll carry your scalp home with me and keep it. You understand?"

Dink's eyes grew as big as saucers. He couldn't be sure whether this peculiar young man was joking or not.

"Honest, Massa Gilbert, I ain't gwiner tell nobody," he promised.

"Very well, then! Get back home and dry yourself. But mind you keep a still tongue in your head if you don't want to be the baldest little darkey in Georgia."

Dink scampered away, and Gilbert watched him out of sight. Then, wringing the water from his own clothes as best he could, the boy hastily retraced his steps to the tower. But he had lost valuable time. Would he be discovered before he could finish his work?

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Alias Mosquito

By ZAY PHILBROOK

Illustrated by WILL JAMES

OUT in the sagebrush country of Wyoming a name may tell everything—or nothing. It all depends on circumstances. Curly, one of the men on the Forbes horse ranch, put it differently when he spoke to twelve-year-old Sunny Forbes about the little horse the boy had just picked from the roundup for his own.

Sunny agreed to "Prairie Dog." The name was good, but it did not silence the ridicule that followed the horse because of his strange appearance. Even Mr. Forbes was doubtful about the horse until Curly took his part. "It's queer," Curly defended, "I never rode a littler horse. And yet somehow he gives you the feeling that you're on top of something that don't know the meaning of tired. Climbing those long hills or coming in after a day's ride is all the same to him as when he's starting out."

The day before spring roundup of the year following, a vicious bronco kicked Forbes, breaking the man's leg. There was nothing for it save to find another man to ride with Curly and represent the Forbes ranch. Sunny waylaid the roundup boss as he came out from a talk with Forbes.

"Could you wait a minute, sir? I want to ask you something." The boy's thirteenth birthday was fast approaching, and he drew himself to the full height of every year's growth—a slim, eager, freckled-faced youngster. "Dad needs another rider for this year's roundup besides Curly. Will you let me go? Curly'll tell you I can ride all day; I've helped him with our stock. And I know the country. I'll do my part, if you'll let me go!"

"You know, Sunny, we make a rule of not taking kids. It's hard work and long days, and there's no time to spend looking

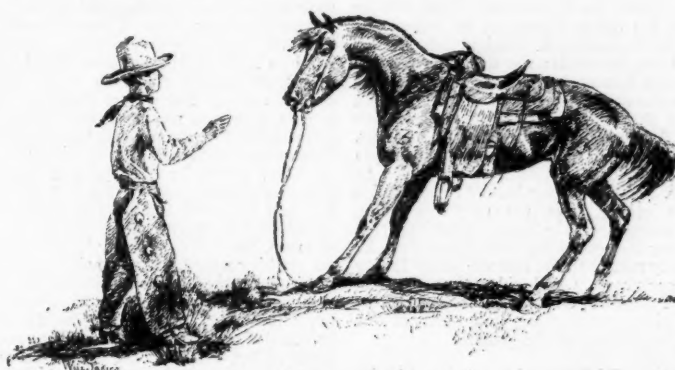
out for anyone. Wait till you're a couple of years older." The boss frowned; he had all too few riders as it was. Reluctantly he concluded, "If your father and Curly want you to ride, why it's all right with me, Sunny; but I hate to see you tackle it."

The boy's father hated it too; more, perhaps, than his mother did. But Curly reassured them. "The boss'll let him ride circle with me, and I'll sort of keep an eye on him round camp. He can have the Prairie Dog and old Captain and Mike in his string, and

Monte'll be all right for him after a few days' work."

The next morning the roundup started. Curly and the boy turned their string of saddle horses in with the cavvy, flung their tarp-covered bed-roll on to the wagon and rode off with the crowd.

"Did you hear what the boys were saying about the boss's three-year-old?" the boy asked of Curly as soon as they were well under way. "Oh, I wish Prairie Dog and I could run on to him! What's he look like?"



Slowly the boy went forward, whistling his own call, talking softly as he neared the trembling horse

"I ain't seen him since the time we branded him. They say he's some horse, kinda bright bay with a blaze face. You'd know him if ever you laid eyes on him—got a white leg clear up. But he's a wild one; and fast—"

"The boys were saying they only caught a glimpse of him last spring; then he made his get-away into the Honeycombs. The boss wants him bad this year. They say he can outrun anything in the country."

"Well, if we see him, we'll give him a try for it. He's generally somewhere round Lost Creek; we ought to be in that neighborhood next week."

At every daybreak the men tumbled out for breakfast. Then the roundup boss gave his orders; sometimes a day's ride without dinner, sometimes a shorter circle that brought them back for an afternoon of working over the gathered stock. And though they woke to a few drizzly days, wet tarps and saddles, slick footing for the horses and clouds that blanketed the hills till direction was difficult, yet a good cook went far to keep the men good humored.

ONE rainy morning the nighthawk had not brought in the cavvy, and the men who went out found his horse feeding not far from where he lay with a sprained ankle. That meant the other men must take turns at the night riding to hold the horses. When Curly's turn came he told the boy: "You'll ride circle with some one else tomorrow, kid. Better take the Prairie Dog; he hasn't been used for several days. And he'll help you with the work better than Mike. Sorry I can't go with you; you'll likely ride the Lost Creek country. Keep your eyes peeled for the boss's three-year-old."

At the first hint of day the boy was up.

Perhaps this day might bring the long anticipated triumph of Prairie Dog; possibly Sunny might even sight the boss's colt. But, as he waited beside his buckskin, the thrill of the day was dulled by a man's voice calling to him.

"Come on, you Sunshine! Better be moving if you an' that mosquito are going to trot along with me today."

Sunny had been told off to ride circle with Long Tom, the only man in all the outfit who seemed to dislike him, who took a malicious pleasure in the nickname the boy hated, and in other petty little tormentings. Sunny knew why; there had been trouble of some sort between his father and this big man, and Long Tom was giving Sunny the hatred Forbes had incurred.

Well, all the more would Sunny remember some advice that Curly had given him at the start of the roundup; he would keep his opinions to himself, and this man should not "get a rise" out of him.

Long Tom was not a man of big thoughts; it irked him that the boss, in a careless moment, had allotted to him for the day's ride the youngest and most inexperienced of the riders. And, as luck would have it, he had roped his roughest horse that morning—a good worker, but a horse that was careless where he put his feet, so that the man found himself watching for prairie-dog holes or hesitating for a better crossing of a gulch.

Not so with Sunny. This was the time to show this man of all others how a certain ridiculous little yellow horse could earn the name of mosquito when it came to flying. He put the Prairie Dog to work as never before. Was there a rough strip of country through which to ride, a quick bit of cutting back on a steep hillside to turn, a bunch of horses: it was a buckskin that did the work. At first the boy's cheeks had burned at the taunting voice. "Trot along, baby, and see what's over that hill." Or, "Reckon I can live without you for one spell, little Sunshine, if you can manage to poke your yellow midgut over through that valley." But the boy was so eager to work, he did it so successfully, silently too, save when he came for the man's advice, that gradually Long Tom stopped his sneering phrases. More and more he found himself taking the easier part of the work, bringing along the horses they had picked up, letting the boy work the hills as they combed Ten Mile Valley.

It was on one of these climbs to a sandstone ridge that the boy sighted half a score of tiny dots on a distant slope. Motioning to Long Tom that they would meet farther down, he circled cautiously nearer the grazing horses, keeping out of sight till he had reached a point that put the horses between himself and Long Tom's far larger bunch. But at the first near glimpse over the hill he turned the buckskin back in breathless haste. Then, very carefully, he let himself look again. It was true! One of those horses down beneath him, not a quarter-mile away, was a bright bay, blaze-faced, with a white stocking that even at that distance showed far up on the leg. He waited till the horse turned and the sun glinted along its side. Well up to the hip-bone ran the glaring white mark. It was the boss's three-year-old!

Still keeping out of sight of the grazing horses, Sunny made his way back to Ten Mile Valley, and then raced after Long Tom. Watching him come, the man reasoned, "He's let a bunch get away from him, on the back trail. Why ain't I got a man to work with! An' this horse of mine's as ready to fall as stand up, on a long run."

But when he caught glimpse of the boy's face he wondered.

"He's there! He's over the hill a half-mile!" Sunny caught his breath. "The boss's colt is over in the next valley with just a few head. I didn't let 'em see me; I rode right back for you! What'll we do, circle them round into this bunch? It's almost a box canyon, except for just one trail, and if I put the Prairie Dog down at the upper end I believe he can bring 'em in here. Shall I do it?"

"No." It was hardly doubt of the boy's

ability that brought out that one word, for all morning the man had been compelled to admit Sunny's skill and quickness; reluctantly he had acknowledged to himself that the Prairie Dog was that rare thing—a good one at running horses. But Long Tom himself wanted the honor of the colt's capture, and suddenly he decided to have it. "Get off your horse, quick! Help me change saddles. Then you get on my horse and hold that extra trail shut. A kid like you'd let 'em get away sure. An' I ain't going to risk that."

Small talk, that, between the two that faced each other for one long moment. Hot anger flared in the boy's heart. Let this man he hated ride the Prairie Dog—now, when it meant so much, too! Dismounting, the man caught the buckskin's bridle; and, facing the hard look in his eyes, Sunny knew that he had no choice. He was a kid, and the man did not intend to play fair. Well, if that was the game, Sunny too would play a hand, the boy thought, as he angrily

went back to his left wrist and touched it carefully.

"It's broke, or sprained," he mumbled. "That puts a stop to our work for today. Most likely that yellow devil won't let you near him, after acting that way. My horse can carry double till we meet some of the fellows, so we'll head yours into the bunch, and see if we can drift 'em along to camp ahead of us."

Sunny brought up the man's horse, then he hesitated. "You don't mind if I just try to get the Dog? He knows me, and if I could get him, why your own saddle would be lots easier."

"Go ahead and try; it won't do you any good, though."

Slowly the boy went forward, whistling his own call, talking softly as he neared the horse, till he touched a trembling shoulder, reached for the lines and led the Dog back. Without a word he uncinched and changed



Now they sighted him; with a snort the bay colt was off; with upflung head and tail he wheeled and whistled

cinched his saddle about the bigger horse. He could turn his horse at the right moment and let the colt escape up the little trail that he was expected to guard. But no, that would avail nothing. The boss wanted his colt, and the boss meant more to him than this man who was not playing fair. So, suddenly, he waited for Long Tom to mount.

The Prairie Dog was waiting too. He had worked hard and willingly all morning, and yet, bad-land horse that he was, he seemed as fresh as when the day started. He loved the game of running horses, and the race down the valley a moment before had but whipped his excitement to fever heat. He was wild to be off, under the eager guidance of the boy he knew. So he jumped for the start at touch of the man's foot to the stirrup. But it was years since Long Tom had ridden so small a horse; something was a bit wrong in his mounting, and he jerked the Prairie Dog down cruelly.

The Prairie Dog's mouth was tender. Besides the boy only Curly had been his rider; he had been gentled by them, and to their kindness he had given his best. Suddenly he sensed that this was a stranger on his back. Nor had he been tamed from a wild maverick to take such usage. And so he answered it as an unbroken horse of the range would. Lucky for Long Tom that he caught his other stirrup as he jerked the Dog, for he needed it. Straight into the air leaped the buckskin; the dust spurted beneath his feet as he landed. The man was still in the saddle, trying to clinch his knees against the nothingness of the little horse's sides. Another bucking jump, and another. Each time now the buckskin seemed to spin in the air and face halfway round when he landed. Small need for Sunny to resent his horse's jerking, when the Dog was taking such vengeance. He was sunfishing, too, weeping low on either side. Squatting, he suddenly reared till he seemed surely falling over backward. Good rider that he was, Long Tom loosened to meet a terrific forward plunge that flung him clear of the horse, breathless, to the ground.

A MOMENT later he sat up dazedly and shook his head at the white-faced boy bending over him. Slowly the man moved and felt of himself. One hand

the saddles and steadied the big horse while the man swung into the saddle. Then he turned to the Dog.

"You ain't going to ride him, kid! He's Injun, an' he's likely to treat you that way too, now he's got started."

The boy stroked the yellow head thoughtfully, then quietly swung into the saddle. "I believe he'll be all right now," he said.

The man was looking at him keenly, watching a certain gray look pass from about the boy's mouth. And he knew it was not a cocksure boy who mounted, but one who understood and, half fearing, yet had the courage. Winner or loser, Forbes's son was game.

"Kid," the man said, "I ain't any good at traveling off a walk now, but I reckon I can close that trail, if you want to shove this bunch down a bit and then go back and see what you can do about getting that three-year-old. You ain't got much show, but you can try it."

Eagerly the boy pointed out an opening in the sandstone ledge down which the horses might escape. Then he turned the Prairie Dog's head back on the circle to the boss's colt. The horses were feeding undisturbed where he had left them, on the slope that was topped by the sandstone ledge. So far as he knew, Long Tom guarded the one outlet through the ledge. Now, if Sunny could only start them running down valley, round the bend to sight of the gathered horses, then this bunch might mix with them and be driven to camp. But if they made any break to escape, why it was up to the Prairie Dog and himself to outrun, outdodge and outwit them, or lose the boss's colt. He wanted to tell the Dog about it; perhaps the buckskin somehow sensed what was needed, when the boy laid his hand against the yellow neck one instant. Usually he understood that sign to mean, "Steady; get ready." And so, like a cat stalking a bird, not too swiftly, but very surely, he moved down toward the bay colt.

Now they sighted him; with a snort the bay colt was off; with upflung head and tail he wheeled and whistled. The others started down-valley, but the colt circled sideways better to view this horseman. The boy wished he would stay with the bunch; it meant such hard riding if he separated from it. Now the colt was leading the others up

the little trail toward the place where Long Tom waited; but suddenly, almost crouching back on the following horse, he sprang sideways and with a wild clatter of loose rock headed up-valley. The man who watched from the rim saw the horses running for a half-hidden, unguarded cut in the ledge beyond, a cut through which they could make their escape back toward the Honeycombs. But the boy too had seen the outlet; like a yellow streak he was riding up-slope to head them off. The little horse was taking the hill with great bounding leaps like a deer, careless, apparently; where he landed, but never stumbling. Yes, he was gaining too, till, incredibly, he cut in between the rock ledge and the racing horses just before they reached the cut. There were shouts from the boy, and the white-legged leader turned and was heading down toward the lower valley, and the others, slithering and sliding in their headlong turning, were following.

It was a game played with many repetitions. Time and again the boy brought them almost to the valley's bend, only to have the bay colt break back again. Long Tom dared not leave the opening he guarded to go to the boy's help. Sunny long ago had ceased to direct the little horse, and only rode him, dodging and counter-dodging after the bay, now through the deep sage of the bottom, now straight up the sheerest slope, over rock slides, across crumbling ledges, as sure footed as a mountain sheep, as swift as the colt himself—swifter, too, the watching man was beginning to guess. For now the bay kept stopping for rest between his breaks for the upper valley;

once he halted near enough for Long Tom to see his heaving sides. Then the Prairie Dog scrambled into view, his little cropped ears alert for his quarry, almost as fresh as when he started.

"Believe the boy'll make it yet. That Injun's the quickest I ever seen. Go it, kid!"

They were off again, but this time the Prairie Dog was keeping easily beside the big colt, keeping beside him and heading him in a big but sure circle back to the rest of his bunch.

Down at the valley's mouth the boy waited, till Long Tom came, forgetful almost of his broken wrist in the excitement.

"You got him, kid! That's some horse of yours! The boss's Lizard himself couldn't 'a' done better. An' you're some rider, too, I'll say! That's as pretty a bit of work as I've seen in a long spell."

The boy's eyes shone. To hide his confusion, he reached over and stroked a dirty yellow neck, and the Prairie Dog answered with a toss of his head.

They started the herd on toward camp. And even as the boy kept alert for a white-legged horse that might appear at the edge of the bunch, so did the Prairie Dog watch for some outbreak that might give a chance to try his speed again. The man was silent. Only as they came in sight of the camp corrals did he speak.

"Kid, I'm glad I drew you for partner today."

The boy gulped; then, "So'm I," he answered.

The late sunlight drew long shadows from the hills; it lighted the cup-like valley where the day's gathering was held. Toward this the pair drove their horses. The boss and most of the other riders had reached the corrals earlier, and two or three rode forward.

"Quite a bunch you picked up," one volunteered, joining them.

"Bunch!" snorted Long Tom. "You might use your eyes an' see what sort of a bunch we got. The kid here's got some surprise for you all, tucked away in that same bunch."

The mass of horses narrowed to a longer line as they swung round a wall-like cliff, stretching almost to single file when they shot past a group of watching men. Suddenly, from out the blur of black and brown and bay, a splendid colt showed forth, his hind leg marked freakishly with white clear

to the hip bone. A gasp of astonishment, then a cheer rose from the men.

"The boss's colt! How'd you get him, Tom?" Quickly they turned, to demand the day's story.

"Taint that colt you want to cheer; it's

the kid here—our kid,—this roundup's kid. The kid brought him in alone, after I'd tried a fool stunt an' got damaged. No, not alone—he an' the Prairie Dog did it together. I'm here to tell you that little yellow horse's in the same class with the boss's Lizard,

from now on. An' the kid belongs to us, too. I'm off to tell the cook we want a spread to celebrate this day's doin's."

The kid, alias Sunny; the Prairie Dog, alias Mosquito—what's in a name anyhow, unless you know the circumstances?

That's Facing It, Bingo!

By VALENTINE VINE and
ARTHUR FLOYD HENDERSON

Illustrated by WILLIAM CAFFREY

YOU know Bingo Snow, the poor little rich boy. There's a boy just like him in your class at school, your summer camp, your troop of Scouts. You know how attractive he is, how fresh he can be, how careless, how rude and indifferent.

Bingo Snow's mother sat with a telegraph blank on the table in front of her and wondered if she knew Bingo at all. How would he behave now, with his father critically injured—perhaps dying? The doctors could not know yet. There were two of them examining him in his hospital room. Mrs. Snow had looked at his white face, with the hideous wound in the temple, the wound that could only be bandaged with a dirty rag when they took his limp body out of the awful heap of twisted, burning cars after the collision at Winchester. Mr. Snow had been hurried to the hospital in Boston as fast as an ambulance could bring him. Perhaps he had not come fast enough. Perhaps not even the great surgeons could save him now.

Mrs. Snow wrote this message to Bingo:

"Come home at once. Daddy's train wrecked. He is still unconscious, but we have hopes. Don't worry. Much love. Mother"

Then she returned to the corridor outside the room where her husband lay. Bingo was still in her mind. He was only ten and had never been away from home before. Had her message been gentle enough? Would Bingo realize that his father might be dying? Would he be too much frightened? Mrs. Snow wished that Camp Queechunk had a telephone. When she picked out that camp for Bingo, she was told by the Director that it existed to make manly boys. It was attended almost entirely by boys from wealthy families—boys who were a little bit spoiled, who needed to get away from telephones, and from too indulgent fathers and mothers. Camp Queechunk consisted of two or three large log houses on a lake in the Maine woods. The boys led simple, strictly disciplined lives. Mr. Archbold, the Director, didn't believe in pampering. Boys who gave no trouble had a wonderful ten weeks at camp—but boys who looked for trouble found it.

The long hours wore on. The great surgeons were fighting now—fighting with all their skill for George Snow's life. Mrs. Snow's thoughts were all with him; and yet, as the moments passed, she found herself thinking of Bingo too. A nurse came by, and put her hand on Mrs. Snow's arm, and led her gently into a vacant bedroom. "Lie on the bed," advised the nurse, and brought her some smelling salts.

Mrs. Snow sat down, clutching her handbag. She looked in the bag and took out a photograph and several letters addressed to her in a sprawling hand. The nurse was off duty. She looked at the picture; she saw a fair-haired, rather arrogant-looking little boy. The nurse thought he might be a very badly spoiled little boy. And her conviction deepened when Mrs. Snow began to read his letters.

"Dear Mum and Daddy," began the first one. "This camp is fierce. We sleep on prickly old Army cots and there are no sheets only blankets and no plumbing of any kind neither. We haf to bath in the lake and the Counselor says if I doant learn to swim I cant bath. He is a big bully anyway! I guess it would be beter if I came home where I can always have a good time. The big bully!!! My cot is next to a boy from Los Angeles he says his father has two Swift Dart limerzines so I told him my father had three Rush Royces and I guess that will fix him. From your loving BINGO"

Mrs. Snow smiled. It was outrageous for the boy to use such language, to speak with such disrespect of the Counselor. But he wanted to come home. It was good to think that Bingo loved his home.



You know Bingo Snow, the poor little rich boy. You know how attractive he is, how fresh he can be, how rude and indifferent

The nurse might have said at this point that Bingo really deserved to go to a reformatory, and not to a famous summer camp. The children of the rich have so much, and appreciate so little of it.

"Today I had another trick put over on me," said Bingo's next letter. "I threw a potato at Dick at lunch and hit him in the eye and they made me do ground police all the P.M. The Counselor got sore at me, he is just an old bully anyway, he went to college and doesn't even know the results of the football games. I told him not to get fresh and he made me go all over the place with a sharp stick, and you haf to pick up all the dirty papers and all the rocks on the baseball field even the smal ones. I guess I didnt come up here to be a labrer and if they keep pickin on me I will tell them a few things. Daddy could buy up this old camp and not know it. I wish I was home. Your loving BINGO"

Mrs. Snow sighed. "I am afraid George and I have been too gentle with him," she said. "But he is our only chick—all we have."

An attendant came into the room, with a telegram in a sealed yellow envelope. Mrs. Snow seized it eagerly. Perhaps it was from Bingo. Perhaps he was already on his way to her. She threw the message aside after a glance; it was from her sister in another city, expressing sympathy. Yet there was something strange about it. "Hope both George and George Junior are out of danger," it

said in part. George Junior was Bingo. He was in no danger. What did the sister mean? It must be a mistake. Mrs. Snow went on reading the smudged and blurry letters.

"If they think they can keep on bullying me and my bunkie mate Dick," said one of them, "we will show them. We will hike from here to home if necessary but Dick has got money for R.R. tickets."

Mrs. Snow remembered how much her husband had been troubled by that letter. He had written severely in reply, saying that he would visit the camp in a few days to investigate. It was on this trip that his train had been wrecked, only a few miles from Boston. It had collided with the south-bound express.

The attendant returned with two more telegrams. The first was from the Director of Camp Queechunk:

"Your son ran away this morning with another boy. Making every effort to locate them. Will report later."

The second was from Winchester, Massachusetts:

"Won't be hoam for a few days. Have important engagmint. Bingo"

Mrs. Snow fainted. The nurse laid her gently down on the pillow and moistened her brow. Then—for the nurse was human—she picked up and examined the telegrams. Mrs. Snow had read them aloud. It was no intrusion to read them again.

"The little fiend," said the nurse. "The cowardly little rat. First he ran away from that wonderful camp, and then he was too selfish, too cowardly, to come home even when his father is so badly hurt."

She looked at Bingo's telegram again. It was marked "collect" and it came from Winchester, Massachusetts.

"That's where the wreck happened," mused the nurse. "Now I wonder if—"

She did two things. The first was to telephone for an afternoon paper. While the attendant was bringing it she went to Mr. Snow's room, tapped on the door and questioned the doctor who opened it.

"Out of danger," answered the doctor.

"Heart strong. Everything all right."

The nurse thanked him and went back to Mrs. Snow's room. Mrs. Snow had come to herself. The newspaper lay on the bureau—a late edition, with screaming headlines about the great train wreck and full lists of dead and wounded.

"I've splendid news for you," smiled the nurse. "Mr. Snow's condition is excellent. I think the doctors will soon tell you he's out of danger."

She sat down, while Mrs. Snow recovered herself. She looked down the list of wounded. Suddenly she gave a little gasp. "Here it is," said the nurse, putting the paper into Mrs. Snow's hand and directing her attention to this item in the list of names:

"BINGO." A small boy on the southbound train, refusing to give any name but "Bingo," was removed to Winchester Hospital. Both ankles fractured and cut around head and shoulders. Will recover.

Mrs. Snow read this item three times. "But I don't understand!" she said at last.

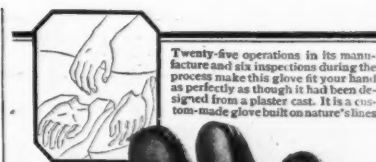
"I do," replied the nurse. "He must have sent it just when he reached the hospital," she explained. "He was afraid you would worry about him. He wanted to face his pain and danger alone."

"Bingo, my wonderful boy," sobbed Mrs. Snow.

The nurse was looking at his photograph again; at the rebellious, brave little face.

"That's facing it, Bingo!" she whispered.

Mrs. Snow rose and began to put on her hat. "From now on," she said, "I think that bad little boy of mine's going to be different. I'm leaving for Winchester now—to help him keep that important engagement."



Twenty-five operations in its manufacture and six inspections during the process make this glove fit your hand as perfectly as though it had been designed from a plaster cast. It is a custom-made glove built on nature's lines.



PLAY "BIG LEAGUE BALL" WITH THE GLOVE EDDIE COLLINS DESIGNED

No wonder it's the popular glove of the year!

Slip one on and stop a couple of grounders with it—and spear a few hot liners.

Man alive! There never was such a glove. No foolishness, no phoney stitching, no tricky lacing. And you don't have to break it in. Built on nature's lines, that's why it has all the easy comfort of an old shoe from the minute you put it on.

And how it wears! Give it all the punishment you want and at the end of this season you'll find it ready for the next.

Designed by a professional for men who want to play like professionals. That's why the Eddie Collins is the glove you'll want and the glove you ought to have. See your dealer or write to Department M for catalog.

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Invented by West Pointer. Air under tremendous pressure gives remarkable power in field. Adjustable for indoor practice. Deep true rifling gives unsurpassed accuracy. Puts shot after shot into bull's-eye. New-shaped bullet carries straighter up to 50 yards or more.

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FACT AND COMMENT

NO ONE LIVES less tranquilly than the man who is always occupied with avoiding anything that can disturb his tranquillity.

ALMOST EVERYONE is familiar with Rudyard Kipling's poem "If," in which he outlines his ideal of a strong, wise and noble man. It is interesting to have Mr. Kipling's own avowal that it was written by him as a tribute to the character of George Washington, who seemed to him to have realized that ideal most perfectly.

INCREASED COÖPERATION between farm organizations of fifteen states and Federal departments and electrical companies has led to the prediction that more than a million farms will be equipped with electric lights and power by 1930. When the farmer learns that he can thresh, milk, saw wood, churn, wash and cut ensilage by electricity he may have better luck in keeping his sons and daughters from seeking their fortunes in the city.

AN INTERNATIONAL AMENITY of which both England and America may well be proud is the attempt to raise one hundred thousand dollars to endow the chair of anatomy in the London School of Medicine, as a tribute to Elizabeth Blackwell, who, having been unable to get a medical education in Great Britain, came to the United States and found here the intellectual hospitality that the old country had denied her. Having been admitted to practice in America, and having proved her ability, she returned to London and founded the London School of Medicine for Women. A true pioneer!

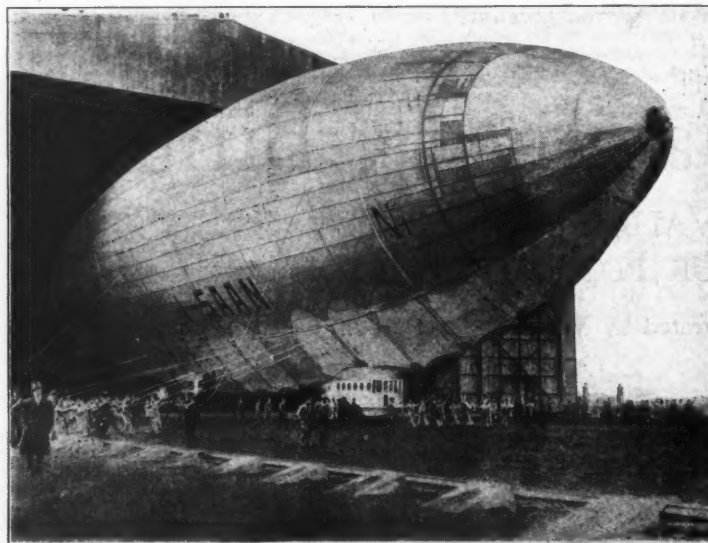
CUMBERLAND FALLS, in southeastern Kentucky, a cataract second only to Niagara in the region east of the Mississippi, is in danger. A hydroelectric company has filed an application for a permit for a dam above the falls and a flume to a point below them: an undertaking that if permitted will destroy one of the scenic glories of what is now an unspoiled wilderness, in which the wild turkey and that rarest of birds, the great pileated woodpecker, still persist. Nature lovers, not only in Kentucky but throughout the country, are uniting in efforts to save the falls and the gorge.

EXPLORERS AND RADIO

THE exploration of unknown regions of the earth's surface has become a different thing since aircraft and radio came in! There is just as much need of daring and energy and readiness to risk life as ever; but there is not the same demand on endless physical exertion, not so much necessity for the prolonged endurance of hardship, and, above all, not the same amount of suspense and mystery about the explorer's fate.

When Livingstone disappeared within the heart of Africa, and Peary vanished into the Arctic, the wilderness closed behind them. No one expected to hear from them for months and perhaps years. No one knew what they were undergoing or just where they were wandering. They might be sick, injured, dead even. No one could know for a long, long time; if they did not return, very likely no one would ever know just what had happened. Today our explorers sail at express speed above the pathless jungles or the trackless ice. They look forward to completing a task that would once have taken six months or a year in a week or at most two. They have their bases of supply and do not need to take tons of freight with them into the heart of the unknown; above all, they have the radio and mean to keep always in touch with civilization.

Amundsen, Wilkins and Byrd, the three men who are leading expeditions into the hidden polar ice this spring, will each carry with him a radio equipment. Amundsen, who, on his great dirigible can transport much the largest and most powerful instrument, says he intends to send out a wireless report at every degree of latitude he passes, and give the world an exciting running narrative of his voyage, which will continue for three or four days. If his plans do not miscarry, you may some day buy an evening paper at five o'clock that will tell you in bold-faced type that at half-past three of the same day Amundsen crossed the North Pole or discovered a new body of land amidst the Arctic ice!



The dirigible balloon Norge, in which Amundsen and Ellsworth plan to scour the unexplored regions of the North-polar ice

THE ART OF ADJUSTMENT

By Gamaliel Bradford

THE art of adjustment is the secret of social life. Our first, natural instinct is to assert ourselves, to think and talk about ourselves, to treat the world as if it were merely a place for our little, insignificant selves to disport with immense expansion and equally immense indifference to the expansion of others.

All these aggressive selves are thrown together in the social world, not only of pleasure, but of business. The logical result would be that they should hustle and jostle and bruise and crush one another, in the intense effort to get to the top. This does take place more or less. It would take place to a ruinous extent if it were not for the art of adjustment, which early teaches us that we must adapt our own egotism to that of others, that we can only achieve our ends by coöperation and compromise, in which we are far-sightedly willing to sacrifice our immediate benefit and pleasure to those of others for the sake of future and general advantage.

Of all the illustrations of the art of adjustment the greatest and the most striking is that of marriage. It is the lack of that art in marriage that fills the divorce courts. Probably love, in its essence, is the

most aggressive assertion of egotism that can be found. Yet no doubt most people start their married life with the sincere desire to make some one else happy. The trouble comes in the little adjustments, not in the big. Our life is a tissue of petty, trivial daily habits, so slight and so instinctive in themselves that we are not conscious of them till they are interfered with, yet so immensely binding that any permanent interference with them disconcerts us more than disasters of far greater importance. There are habits of eating, habits of exercise, habits of cleanliness, habits of regular hours for regular actions. When two different groups of habits are thrown together in intimate contact, the shock is all the more astonishing from the insignificance of the details.

This difficulty of small adjustments breaks more marriages than the larger evils or the larger sins. It is called incompatibility, but a little patience would overcome it.

We cannot begin too early to learn the art of adjustment. Only by making ourselves adaptable, conformable, agreeable to others can we dispose others to afford us comfort, solace and satisfaction.

If his plans do not miscarry! There's the rub! For aircraft, as Amundsen himself knows, are delicate creatures, and there are numberless chances for ill-luck to break the heart of the pluckiest explorer alive. With all the help that the sciences of aeronautics and radio communication can give him, the explorer of the waste places of the earth must still take his life in his hands when he sets forth. Only strong and fearless men are fit for the great adventure. May all the brave fellows who are cruising the Arctic this spring make the discoveries of which they dream—and return safe home at last!

UNPOPULAR AMERICA

WE are often told, both by native Europeans and by Americans who have had the opportunity of observing European conditions at first hand, that this country is exceedingly unpopular abroad. There are two reasons, as we learn, for this unpopularity. First, we are disposed to insist that the nations that borrowed money of us during the war ought to pay us back as much as they can afford to, and, next, we have, in the opinion of Europeans,

bedeviled the post-war situation by refusing to join the League of Nations or to concern ourselves officially with the settlement of the confusion that the war left behind.

It is possible that we are to blame on both counts, though most Americans do not think so. We have not been an exacting creditor, though we have not yet seen reason to present our foreign debtors with the entire sum they borrowed from us. And we think Europe ought to have intelligence and sense enough to settle its own problems, as we think Americans have enough to settle theirs. But, if Europe is convinced that we did only harm by our unprecedented intervention in the affairs of that continent, it is to be hoped that it will take the lesson to heart.

When the next European war occurs—if, as all but the most sanguine laborers for peace seem to think, it must occur—we shall expect to see both parties to the conflict united on at least one point—America must be kept out of the fight. Perhaps the dread of our intervention will be sufficient of itself to persuade the opposing statesmen to come to a sort of compromise rather than risk a war. But if not, we shall hope to be unvexed by propaganda, undisturbed by delegations of visiting politicians or editors or literary

men urging us to defend this or that political ideal against the assaults of its foes, untroubled by the financial proposals of belligerents who need our money to help them meet the expense of modern war.

It may be that European discontent with our conduct, and European fear at a repetition of it, may prove to be a very powerful influence in behalf of European peace. And, since the last war on that continent cost us the lives of a great many young men we could ill spare, a very great deal of money, much of which was simply wasted, and much of the good will with which our associates once regarded us, we shall not regret it if we are not called upon to engage in another.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

It is a curious characteristic of our American colleges and universities that, although students of one compete with students of others in all sorts of athletic events, and thereby afford means of testing both their physical prowess and the efficiency of their coaching systems, there are no intercollegiate mental competitions except debates. In view of that condition, a meeting that was held the other day in the editorial offices of the New York Times is of the very greatest interest to every high-school pupil and every college student in the United States. The meeting brought together, at the invitation of the Times, representatives of eleven great educational institutions: Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Cornell, the University of Chicago, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Virginia, West Point and Annapolis. They met to discuss the offer of the Times's events prizes and to formulate plans for putting it into immediate operation.

By those plans college students of less than four years' undergraduate standing are hereafter entitled to compete annually for prizes of two hundred and fifty dollars for the widest and most intelligent knowledge of the events of the year, from May 1 to May 1; and the winners of the prizes at their own colleges will then compete for a grand prize of six hundred dollars. Both the individual prizes and the grand prize, which will be in a sense a college as well as a personal triumph, are to be awarded on the basis of standing in an examination that will be set and managed by a representative committee.

The purpose of this novel and interesting undertaking is, of course, to encourage a wider reading of the more worth-while news, as it appears in the daily papers and the weekly and monthly reviews. It is an effort to rouse the student mind to the value of knowing what is going on in the world outside of college life and in fields other than those of sport. Reading maketh a full man now as truly as when Bacon said it; and our more complicated life and the ease and generality of travel and communication make increased demands upon the miscellaneous knowledge of all who would play a respectable part in the social, political or business activities of their community.

The examinations, besides picking the best-informed students from the different colleges, will inevitably come to be regarded also as some criterion of the aims and efficiency of the instruction that the various faculties afford, and that, too, will have value.

Two hundred and fifty dollars is a tidy little sum to be earned by knowing what it is a satisfaction to know for its own sake; and with the added incentive of a possible six hundred more it may serve to shatter undergraduate belief that Bismarck is a kind of doughnut and Yom Kipper some sort of fish.

EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL

It is one of the advantages of travel that, besides the pleasure it affords, it is also the most nearly painless instrument of education.

The present age has such wide cultural advantages in books, lectures and pictures, both still and moving, that actual going from place to place may be less important as a mental swage than it was when Shakespeare observed that

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.

Nevertheless, neither pictures nor accounts of places or peoples at secondhand can afford the broadening and humanizing influence of travel. It is that knowledge which a few years ago led to the establishment of the International Students' Confederation. The students of the French universities took the first step by inviting the National Students' Unions of other countries to join them in a world-wide association that by promoting foreign travel among its members should be an influence for peace by making the young people of the different nations better acquainted with one another.

There were few National Students' Unions then; there are many now. Delegates from twenty-seven nations met in Copenhagen last August. This year the meeting will be at Prague.

The International Relations and Travel Commission, a representative of which has been addressing students in American colleges, tries to make travel cheap, easy and profitable. Its tours are planned to avoid the usual tourist routes and to bring travelers into closer contact with the people and their

domestic, industrial and political life. The guides are all university men of the country to which the visit is made. There is a branch of the commission in Paris, known as the American Travel Department, with also a New York office, that is planning to arrange tours for four hundred American students through the most important countries of Europe during July and August, at an expense of \$600 or \$700 apiece, including steamship fare.

With the same general but somewhat more specific educational purpose, Princeton is planning to take twenty-two students in the department of geology on a ten-thousand-mile tour of the country in a specially designed car, in order that they may study interesting geological formations in the field and at first hand. The trip is open to American college undergraduates who have had at least one year of college geology, to American and foreign graduate students, and to professors and instructors.

Study under such agreeable conditions should make a chunk of old red sandstone as concrete and convincing as it was in Bret Harte's poem.

THIS BULLETIN WORLD

Playing with Disarmament

As the day approaches for the meeting of the preliminary conference on disarmament at Geneva, the impression gains ground that little or nothing will come of it, anyway. Russia has declined to attend, on the ground that the Swiss government cannot be persuaded to apologize for the fact that a Swiss subject shot and killed a Russian delegate to the Lausanne conference several years ago. The other nations interested would not consent to meet anywhere but in Geneva. To an unprejudiced person it looks as if neither party were wholly in earnest. If Russia had really believed in European disarmament, it would have overlooked its own grievance for the sake of the good such an agreement could do. If Great Britain, France and Italy had felt that it was possible or wise under present conditions to disband any considerable part of their armies or navies, they would have met at some place the Russians were willing to come to. As a matter of fact the nations of Europe are still too ambitious or suspicious or timid to venture on real disarmament. Like the quarreling "blades" of the eighteenth century, they must still wear swords.

Mussolini's Royal Progress

Having suffered little more than temporary inconvenience from the bullet wound in the nose which a demented English woman inflicted upon him with a revolver, Mussolini set off in a blaze of admiring enthusiasm for his journey to the Italian possessions in Africa. He had a delightful time in Tripoli, where he was received with honors almost or quite royal in character, and gave condescending audience to the native dignitaries who flocked to meet him. He reviewed processions of troops and of Fascist societies, visited the remarkable excavations at the old Roman city of Leptis Magna and preached everywhere the swelling power and glory of Italy. We suppose King Victor Emmanuel would rather be in eclipse than in exile, but he must sometimes feel the embarrassment of a man who is filling a job that doesn't seem to amount to anything.

Politics Begin to Simmer

The political campaign of 1926 is already under way. Primaries and conventions are being held for the nomination of candidates for governorships and for senatorial seats. The Illinois primary was the first one of importance. On the Republican side it resulted in the defeat of Senator McKinley by Col. Frank Smith. The contest was between two opposing factions in the state, one led by Senator Deneen and one by Governor Small, but Colonel Smith made much of his opposition to the Permanent World Court, for our adherence to which Senator McKinley voted, and the enemies of the court are sure that the victory of Colonel

Smith means that the Illinois Republicans do not want the United States to join the court. The Democratic candidate for Senator is George E. Brennan of Chicago, who is "dripping wet" on the question of prohibition, and that issue is likely to be very prominent in the Illinois campaign next fall.

The "College System" at Harvard

A suggestion that has met with a great deal of favor among Harvard men is for the division of the university into ten or more separate "colleges" like those of Oxford and Cambridge. It is argued that this plan would break up the rather unwieldy mass of three or four thousand undergraduates into smaller groups, bring the students into closer touch with one another, encourage a more vital sort of scholastic life, and improve the quality of teaching by reducing the size of classes and giving opportunity for more personal contacts between instructors and students. Each college would have its own dormitories and common room, and perhaps its own dining-hall. The suggestion, like the growing dissatisfaction of college people generally with the lecture system, is an illustration of the tendency in this country away from German and toward English educational methods.

No Reapportionment

The House of Representatives has decided for the third time since 1920 not to make the reapportionment of seats that the Constitution directs after each decennial census. The excuse is that the Constitution does not make such a reapportionment mandatory on Congress. The reason is that the House does not wish to deprive some of its members of seats—for several states would lose one or more members if a fair reapportionment were made. Perhaps the fact that the greatest gains in population are in quarters where the political views of the electorate are not quite what the majority of Congress approves of has something to do with the matter.

Mauna Loa in Eruption

The Hawaiian volcanoes, of which there are only three that are not extinct, do not erupt with a tremendous explosion of ash and cinders. When they are active they pour great floods of lava from their craters in comparative silence. The greatest of these mountains, Mauna Loa, has just discharged an avalanche of molten rock some eighteen hundred feet wide and fifty feet deep, which slid down the mountain side into the sea, burying one or two villages in its course. No casualties were reported; Mauna Loa gives its human citizens plenty of warning. The spectacle was a magnificent one as the glowing, steaming flood poured into the ocean. Aviators who flew over the scene say that the heat from the lava was intense three thousand feet in the air, and that the sea was actually boiling several hundred feet from the shore.



LEWIS and CLARK, famous scouts of early days, were in search of an Indian tribe. Suddenly they saw two of the tribe's women.

The squaws bowed their heads, expecting to be killed at once, but Lewis gave them trinkets and painted their faces red, an act understood by all Indians to mean friendliness.

Just then up galloped sixty mounted Shoshone warriors, ready to fight. When they saw how Lewis had proven himself friendly, however, they made signs of peace. The explorer had spared two Indian lives and saved his own.

These early scouts began to blaze the trail into the Northwest more than one hundred and twenty years ago—one of the outstanding accomplishments in the making

of America. Perils awaited them at every turn. Grizzly bears, savage Indian tribes, cold, starvation, and treacherous river rapids threatened their lives.

You will be thrilled to read and own the story of how these brave men overcame danger. It is told in the booklet, "Lewis and Clark, Pathfinders of the Great Northwest."

This story will be sent you **absolutely free**. Simply fill out and mail the coupon below. This booklet is one of the John Hancock American Historical series being distributed during 1926, to commemorate the 150th Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, of which John Hancock was the first signer.

Send the coupon **now**, and be sure of your copy!



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Please send me your **FREE** booklet:
"Lewis and Clark, Pathfinders of the Great Northwest."

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Durable and fast. Beveled shoulders. Bound with trimming gut, strung with serviceable oriental gut, double center strung. Convex throat. Splendid value for the money. Full size, attractively finished.

MOST PLAYERS well know that any Racket bearing the name of **Harry C. Lee** likewise bears a hallmark of real Tennis Racket quality — evidence of right modeling, right balance, accurate weighting, and stringing not to be improved upon. So it will be "music" to the ears of many a judge of a good Racket, and also a decided extra inducement, to hear that the **Harry C. Lee** name appears on every Racket in this offering. A glance will show that these Rackets are big value for this price.

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Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy.
Mfrs. Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.

To secure this Membership Button, the first step is to use the coupon below



24th Weekly \$5.00 Award



Member Morris Silver

The much-maligned but indispensable prune is a staple not only of diet but of commerce in the state of Oregon, wherein, in the town of Newberg, Member Morris Silver, age 14, lives. It was natural that Member Silver should think of them, and excellent that he was on the alert regarding the process through which they go from the crude to the finished state. The product of his thought is the model prune-dryer which you see here represented, and which the Director and Governors have designated for the 24th Weekly \$5.00 Award.

From its workmanlike construction you can easily imagine that Member Silver's prune-dryer really works, and works well. The prunes go in at the front of the dryer (not shown in the photograph) and are first of all put through a dipping vat, where boiling lye water (dilute calcium hydroxide, the chemist would call it) checks the skins so that moisture can escape during the drying process, instead of puffing the prunes up balloon-wise. From the dipping vat the prunes go to the spreading vat, where they are spread evenly on wire trays, ready for the actual drying tunnel. In Member Silver's dryer this tunnel is supplied with a current of hot air from a fire box, which you can see in the photograph. Member Silver reports that it takes 48 hours of drying, at a temperature of 160 degrees Fahrenheit, completely to dry the prunes, which are now ready for the packing house.

The entire problem of drying in industrial processes is very complicated, and Member Silver or anyone else interested will find many pages in discussion of it in the volume called "Principles of Chemical Engineering," by Professors Walker, Lewis and MacAdams, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It can be found in most libraries. Technically, Member Silver's dryer would be classified as "discontinuous"; in other words, the dryer must be periodically closed down to remove the dried material. Continuous dryers, utilizing, for example, a constantly moving belt on which material goes from the entrance to the exit of the machine without stop, are common in large-scale work. These in turn may be either "parallel flow" or "counter flow," depending on whether heat and material move in the same or opposite direction.

Answers

"How big is a molecule?"—B. F. T.

Answer by Mr. Young: This is another hard question to visualize. Consider one cubic inch of air. If we pump all the air possible out of a container, such as an electric light bulb, there are still many molecules left. In one cubic inch of this rarified air there are sixteen times as many molecules as there are people on the earth. Perhaps it would be better to ask how small a molecule is. Gas molecules, considered as spheres, have a diameter of .00000012 inches. An object of this size is much too small to be seen even with the aid of the most powerful microscope.

Memberships

The coupon below will bring you full information regarding Membership in the Y. C. Lab. It is a National Society for Ingenious Boys, interested in any phase of electricity, mechanics, radio, engineering, model construction, and the like. Election to Associate Membership makes any boy eligible for the Special, Weekly and Quarterly Awards of the society, entitles him to receive its bulletins and to ask any question concerning mechanical and construction matters in which he is interested, free of charge. The cost of these services to non-members ranges from twenty-five cents to five dollars. To Associates and Members there are no fees or dues of any kind.

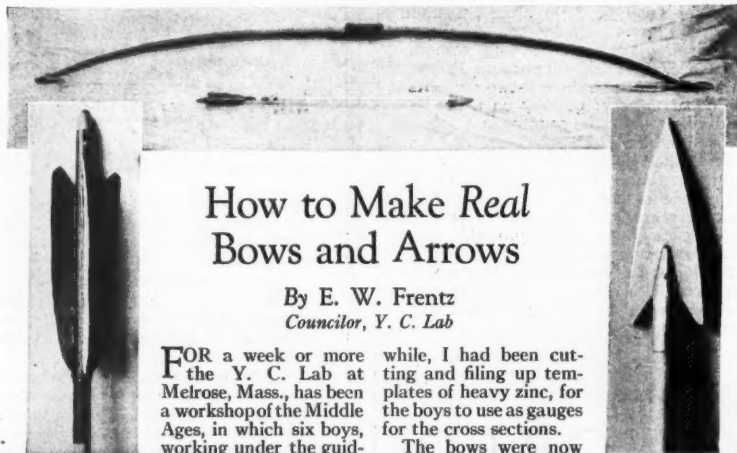
The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name
Address

THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys



How to Make Real Bows and Arrows

By E. W. Frenz
Councilor, Y. C. Lab

FOR a week or more the Y. C. Lab at Melrose, Mass., has been a workshop of the Middle Ages, in which six boys, working under the guidance of a Master Bowyer of the Archers' Guild of America, have been turning out real bows; not toys such as Indians sell to children at summer resorts, but weapons like those that the yeomen of England bore on the fields of France, and that are used for big game hunting by true sportsmen today.

We had the good luck to find at a carriage-maker's shop a plank of white ash, the best and cheapest native New England wood, that was straight-grained, both on the face and on the edge, and also fine-grained. By going to a carriage shop we made sure of getting air-dried wood instead of kiln-dried. This plank was sawed into six-foot staves.

Having got the staves to the Lab, we began by first marking the center of length on the surfaces that were to be the backs of the bows. Bear in mind that names in the bow-making craft go back hundreds of years, and should be preserved. The flattened side, which is convex when the bow is bent, is the back. The inside, next the string, is the belly. There are two limbs, an upper and a lower. The space between them is the handle, or grip. The ferrules at the ends are the horns, and the grooves in them for the string are the nocks. If there are no horns, the nocks are cut in the wood of the bow itself.

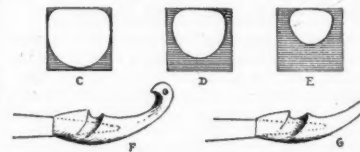
For the back of the bow it is best to choose the side that was nearest the bark in the growing tree. It can be found by whittling one end of the staff to a smooth surface and noting the curve of the annual rings.

The next step was drawing a straight line lengthwise down the center of the back and laying off a space of four inches for the handle; the upper edge one inch above the center of the staff, the lower edge three inches below it. Thus one quarter of the handle comes above the center.

Having got the position of the handle fixed, we next laid off the shape of the limbs on the back and on the sides. On the back the lines are curves that begin at the upper and lower edges of the handle and gradually bend inward, until, at the end, they come within one quarter of an inch of the central longitudinal line. That leaves the back the

while, I had been cutting and filing up templates of heavy zinc, for the boys to use as gauges for the cross sections.

The bows were now to be rounded on the belly, leaving the back for the time being flat. For this, the tools we used were spokeshave, small block planes and coarse, 14-inch wood files, keeping always in mind the requisites: that from an almost unbendable middle portion of eight or nine inches the bow must taper gradually and evenly to the ends, so that neither limb shall bend more at one place than at another; and that the depth of the wood from back to belly must decrease evenly from the middle, where depth and width are equal, to a point about



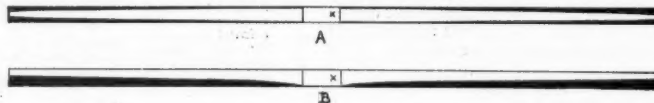
three inches from the ends, where the depth is less than three-quarters of the width. C, D and E show the cross sections in the middle, halfway between the handle and the ends and four inches from the ends. F and G show the upper and lower horns.

This was rather slow, hard work, and required constant watchfulness and testing to avoid taking off too much wood in one place and not enough somewhere else. But at last, by frequent use of the templates, we had the taper near enough to try the bows by stringing them.

The handle portion, which had been left square, and the edges of the flat back were now rounded till the lines melted gradually into those of the limbs. The reason we had not reduced and rounded the middle portion before was to keep the handle part stiff. A bow that has so little wood in the handle that it bends from end to end in an even arc, like a hoop, always has an unpleasant jar.

On the back, in the space left for the handle, we glued a strip of cork a quarter of an inch thick, and afterwards cut and filed it to shape as a foundation for the grip.

When the bows had been brought to



full width of the staff in the handle, but tapered to half an inch at each end.

The lines on the sides, beginning at the same place,—that is the ends of the handle,—first approach the back in a moderately quick curve for about a foot, then make a straight and very gradual approach, until at the ends they are one-half inch from the back. A shows the top view; B the side view. The easiest way to draw the curved lines, and the one we adopted, is to clamp a thin, pliable straight-edge to the work and mark by that.

We began roughing out the bellies with a sharp drawknife. The boys found it to be a tough job, for white ash is no piece of cheese under the blade. The sides of the bow, being convex, we cut down with a short jack plane, the iron sharp and set coarse. Mean-

shape and worked down with the files and scrapers to the weight (that is, the pull) that each maker thought he wanted, we finished them with two courses of sandpaper—No. 1 and No. 0—and a course of the finest steel wool, and polished them with repeated applications of shellac and oil.

For handles, we wound the grip space with cord line, pulled the ends under, and applied two coats of shellac.

We now have six bows, ranging in weight (drawing power) from forty to fifty-two pounds, and better than we could buy for anything less than \$10.00 apiece. They have an astonishingly good cast and are very soft and "sweet" in the hand, wholly free from jar or kick.

Another article will describe the making of the arrows and the strings.



This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab

We Consider a Pacific Coast Lab

From a California city not far from Los Angeles, the Director has received the following communication of extreme interest to our Western Members:

"I have been greatly interested in reading about the establishment of the Y. C. Lab and the projects now being carried on by the Members. Also I have been wondering if it would be possible to establish a branch Lab here. I am a scoutmaster and have many boys intensely interested in various sorts of craftsmanship, but feel that their work many times is futile from the lack of proper advice and lack of proper tools.

"If you feel that it would be feasible to start a branch here, please send me plans and requirements looking forward to such an end. In any case please send me a few application blanks that I may interest some of my boys in becoming Associate Members."

To which went immediately the following reply:

"Your letter is one of the most interesting communications that have come to us for some time. Let me take a moment or so to tell you briefly of some of the present internal arrangements of the Y. C. Lab.

"The Lab is essentially an aggregation of men and boys drawn together by a common interest in engineering, construction or scientific study. It aims to provide an incentive to actual good craftsmanship by periodic awards and to act as a general clearing house for scientific and technical information.

"This of course is no more than a crude outline of purpose. The idea is still new, and none of us perhaps yet realize all its possibilities. We do know definitely by now, however, that we have tapped a great field of interest and resource which very few other organizations have ever yet taken the trouble to be interested in and to develop. If applications continue to reach us at their present rate, we shall have 12,000 Associate Members by Christmas.

"The Lab possesses no endowments, receives no financial aid from exterior sources, makes no charge for membership or service to Members. Its Councilors serve far more for their interest in the idea than for their material compensation. Of necessity, the arrangements in the two existing branch labs are informal and rest more upon the ingenuity in meeting local circumstances than in any formalized procedure.

"The idea of a branch experimental station in California strongly appeals to us, and I hope I have demonstrated in this letter our interest in your inquiry.

Sincerely yours,
"THE DIRECTOR."

Your Secretary's Notes

OBSERVE the photograph of Associate Member Donald Straus, of 875 Park Avenue, New York, standing on the raft which gained him his Lab Membership. Member Straus is eight years old, and his neat application papers qualified him for the honor, being the youngest member in the entire list. We look forward to the day when he will be a veteran of eighteen years, with perhaps the certificate of Fellowship framed in his study.

One of the immediate problems before the Directors is the election of the first Fellow. This will take a great deal of study, and it will be several weeks yet before any announcement is made. Nevertheless,

we are investigating. Several of our present Members are of the right timber, and more than one may be chosen. But we propose to make this a most considerable honor, and we can only do so by being extremely careful in our choices. Probably there will never be more than twenty Fellows, even when the Lab has a total membership of 10,000. But everyone should aspire.

And still the applications are flooding in. To date we have a total of 2392 applications, and the Governors are working literally night and day in an effort to keep their chins above the flood. The rate of application has been about 50 per day, and at this rate, if everyone were accepted (which of course will not be so), we would have 12,000 Associate Members by Christmas. Obviously we cannot permit the Lab to grow so fast as this. Perhaps, like some of the more exacting colleges, the Lab will have to limit its capacity to the number which it knows it can best handle. In time there may be a waiting list, too. Meanwhile, we work overtime.



Member Straus on his raft



"Bully for Black Jack—gee but it's good!"
Says Horace Horatio Harrington Hood—
"Licorice flavor—Black Jack for mine
Buddy, you'll like it—
tastes mighty fine!"



"good old
Licorice
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New Houses for Old



Before reconstruction



The home today

ERIC ELVIN paid \$71.00 for this house, and hauled it one third of a mile. Now there is not a cosier home in Maine. He bought it with money earned from his hobbies, and did the work on it—with his sisters' help—only in spare time. To prepare the lawn, he had to bury a hundred tons of rock in a ditch he dug a hundred and forty feet long and four feet deep. This story, in his own words, is a remarkable record of patience, thrift and determination.

This house, finished and ready for sale, cost Eric Elvin less than \$1000.00. The biggest item, moving the house, was \$300.00, obtained from last year's savings. Such items as wire for the electric lights he paid for in small sums from the proceeds of his farm-produce sales.

Eric never bought anything on credit. He marketed his produce first, then invested the proceeds in supplies for the house.

By ERIC ELVIN

THERE are four of us, living on a farm in Maine. I'm the oldest boy, having two sisters and a brother all younger than myself. I'm now twenty-one. Our first experience in making money was fifteen years ago, when we each bought a chicken from father, he insisting that as a business transaction we should each pay ten cents for the chicks. We sold them that fall for seventy-five cents each. We each also had six feet of garden that year, and were called on in turn to provide a vegetable for dinner. Since those days we have kept about everything possible for boys and girls on a farm, and have always, by studying them, made them pay. These include rabbits, chickens, ducks, vegetables and fruit.

Two years ago a water-works company bought farms near here and sold the buildings at a low price by auction for tearing town. This was my opportunity. I bought at the auction an eight-room house for the bargain price of \$71.00 cash, the condition being that it be removed in about three months. As our farm adjoins, and the house was about a third of a mile away, I decided to move the house as it stood. I got the help of a man, and, although the building had to be hauled up a very steep hill, we accomplished the job in three weeks.

The house now stands on a plot near our farm buildings which has one of the finest views in the state. Where the lawn is in front of the house was a stone wall, with many large rocks in it. They are now under that lawn, in a ditch I dug a hundred and forty feet long and four feet deep. I also plowed one of our crops of rye under the sod to enrich that soil for a lawn and fruit trees. On the left and north sides, for shelter and ornament, is a thick row of lilac and pines, all thrifty and growing fine.

I built a shed twenty by twenty-four feet at the back of house, and the woodshed is now full of piled stove wood, sawn by brother and myself with our gasoline engine; there is also room for our half-ton Ford truck, bought two years ago for \$65.00, and now fourteen years old, but still running fine.

For this shed, and for cupboards around the house, etc., we got some of the lumber from an immense pine tree at the farther end of our farm; father offered it to us if we could get it out, and we did so, after cutting a road through the woods and dragging the logs to the sawmill.

We also cut enough oak logs last winter for hardwood flooring for the house, but found no machinery for sawing hardwood flooring within twenty-five miles, so we sold our oak boards and bought flooring. The house was not much damaged in moving; we patched the plaster in places, painted two coats outside, built new chimneys (which draw great!) and got new cupboards, and so forth. Everything was done by my kid brother and myself except two days' mason work laying bricks for chimneys. My sisters are going to paper the whole house when it is ready.

To show that these sisters, eighteen and twenty years old, can also earn pocket money, I will add that they each in turn, a month at a time, assist in housework or cooking, and have done the entire cooking for two winters for a former governor's family, and receive the highest wages paid around here. The largest item of expense on the house was its removal, which cost just \$300.00. This sum I drew out of the bank; it had all been put there from my poultry (which had been laying well this winter) and from rabbits, fruit and vegetables. The other things causing expense, including electric light in every room, lightning rods, paint, hardware, etc., were all bought a little at a time from the proceeds of our selling trips to the city with produce. Total cost to me in money has been less than \$1000.00, but had I employed mechanics, or had I not hauled the house whole, it would have been a different financial story.

The point of the whole thing is that I bought on a low market, while I sold all my produce direct to the consumer at top prices for number-one quality, which I always aim at. My biggest saving on the house was my being able to do practically the whole work myself. Please bear in mind that our farm work

was not affected by the work on the house, as I utilized stormy days on the house and didn't touch it at all when the farm kept me busy.

I would like anyone interested to view this home and decide what its value is for himself. In this part of the country, if a manufacturing concern comes to town and starts a business, it is often exempted from taxation for a term of years, while if a boy decides to stay on the farm and try to build a house for himself, or otherwise to improve things, he is taxed higher—which is no inducement to thrift and industry, and to my mind is not right.



Elvin hauling his logs

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the second in our series of articles by boys on how they make money in spare time. The first article—A Caddie's Eye View of Golf, by Philip Moody of Muncie, Ind.—appeared in the March 11 issue. Philip made \$188.00 last year as a golf caddie, paying all his school and clothes expenses. All such articles—and they have to be both true and interesting—are paid for at regular Youth's Companion rates. What boy will write the next one?

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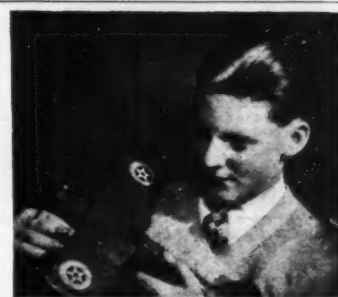
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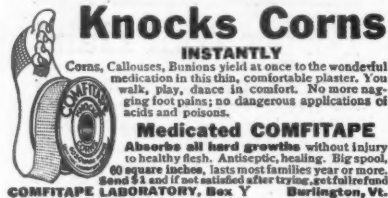


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P. HAROLD HAYES, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.—Bulletin Y-253

Our Own League of Nations



Foreign students at Mount Holyoke College. From left to right they are Fumiko Mitani, Kyoto, Japan; Elsa Barnoum, Holland; Lucy Aghajanian, Constantinople, Turkey; Hen Yu Hwang, Foochow, China; Georgette Celine-Galand, Cherbourg, France; Helen Picquot, Gréville, France



Lola Hoershelman and Natasha Hoershelman, Russian students at Wellesley

MANY of your letters about college have said that one of your main reasons for wanting to go to college was that the influence was very broadening. Some of you said that you would have an opportunity to meet and to know well girls from all over the country; girls from the far West, the far South, the far East, the far North, and all the Middle-in-betweens. I think most of you were thinking of California or Oregon as the far West, North Dakota, perhaps, as the far North, Maine or Maryland as the far East, Alabama as the far South, and Illinois, perhaps, as one of the Middle-in-betweens. But our horizon changes when we get to college, and the far East no longer means to us the far East of our own country, but the far East of the world. We begin to think of and with people from India and China and Japan and Russia and France and Turkey and Greece. I think, if college did nothing more for us than to lift our horizons this way, it would be worth while.

When I was in college there was a girl in my class from Japan. She was one of the most attractive, full-of-fun girls that I had ever seen, and we became great friends. Now I no longer think of Japan as I once did, in terms of a vague, far-away country whose sun rose with our moon, and where people "stood on their heads when they walked," but as the home of one of my best college friends, a girl very like myself, who had the same sort of ups and downs and ins and outs that I had. College gives you a great deal if it gives you the ability to see the other person's point of view through unprejudiced eyes.

Here are some pictures of girls from all over the world who have come to America to study in our colleges and to meet and know us. They are from Russia, India,

Roumania, China, Holland, Turkey, Czechoslovakia, Japan, Greece, France. A regular League of Nations, you see, all our very own. Many strangers in our gates, but can we any longer call them strangers? They live with us, eat with us, play hockey with us, study math with us, share boxes from home with us, compare shoes with us, swap jokes with us. They are our friends.

At Wellesley By Elizabeth Paige

LOLA AND NATASHA HOERSHELMAN are two Russian girls at Wellesley College. Lola is a dark-haired girl of eighteen, and her sister Natasha, a typical Russian with fair hair and fair complexion, is only sixteen. They were born in Leningrad, but have recently come from Tiflis in the Caucasus. The terrors of a journey through Turkey and around the Black Sea, and by way of France to America, were apparently of little consequence to these two girls, who travelled two months over that entire distance alone.

If you ask Lola or Natasha what they think of college, they answer simultaneously, "Oh, it is wonderful! We have nothing like this in Russia, and it is much more wonderful than we expected even."

There are many things that appear strange to them, above all that there should be so many rules, and that one should not be at liberty to smoke, that chaperone rules should be so strict, and that even sports are organized and "given like lessons."

Perhaps the most amazing thing is that neither of these two unusual and young students finds her studies difficult, although they are doing the equivalent of sophomore work. In comparison with the six or seven hours of classes each day to which they have been accustomed in Russia, the curriculum here appears to leave them a great deal of leisure time. For Natasha the course in reading and speaking holds less terror than for the average Wellesley student who has not the disadvantage of a foreign language with which to cope.

Her facile use of the English language is due to the fact that from the very youthful age of three she has been taught to speak English. It is customary for educated Russian children to know French, German, English and Italian, three more foreign languages than we in America require. It is equally revealing to find from them that their scientific education has included eight natural sciences and several political sciences.



Dorothy Demetracaponon from Athens, Greece, in her native costume. Miss Demetracaponon is a student at Vassar

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Fumiko Mitani of Kyoto, Japan, and Elsa Barnoum of Holland, comparing notes about shoes

At Mount Holyoke

By Helen Davis

A GROUP of students could be seen recently at Mount Holyoke College sitting with their legs folded under them, listening docilely to a bright-eyed Japanese girl in the center who explained how the orange silk "obi" was wound round her waist. The costume of Fumiko Mitani of Kyoto, Japan, has always excited the greatest admiration, but the intricacies of it had never before excited such curiosity as when the little Japanese girl won the Sarah Streeter Cup awarded annually by the Department of Physical Education to the senior who passes the best physical examination. It is because she sits on her heels so much and because she wears the "obi" tightly about her that she stands so straight and that she has a posture which excels that of all the other two hundred and twenty members of the senior class at Mount Holyoke College.

"When I first came here," she said, "I received 'A minus' for posture, but after that I began to go down because I was sitting in chairs, which make people stoop."

The awarding of the Sarah Streeter Cup is looked forward to by the entire college, and there was great surprise as well as excitement when it was awarded in the senior class meeting to Fumiko Mitani. This is the first time it has been given to a foreign student.

Fumiko has been a member of the class of 1926 for two years, entering Mount Holyoke College from the women's college of Tokyo, Japan. She is prominent in many activities, excelling in scholarship as well as in subjects so diverse as comparative anatomy and English composition. She has had several poems and stories published in the college magazine, and she has given readings of her poems to groups of interested alumnae. Her major courses are being taken in zoölogy, and she finds nothing greater fun than working in the natural-history laboratory. She is fond of all sorts of sports, like archery and hockey and baseball. She is now a member of the senior dancing class, and of this, as well as of hockey, she says she is "very fond." She is a member of the college choir, and she serves as president of the Cosmopolitan Club, which is made up of the foreign students at Mount Holyoke College.

When she first went to school in the little village of Iwataki in Japan the teachers told her that she was the "weakest" girl there, but that she might be able to keep well if she took vigorous exercise. This school, like our grammar schools, was very athletic. They used to take the little children out to run. "We had to run about a lot, because we were barefoot—and it was cold. We had to keep warm. Often we would run from one village to the next to see the chrysanthemums—this was five miles. Once

when I was twelve we walked up a mountain, and the whole walk was twenty miles. When I was four the smell of sea used to make me sick, but my grandfather used to walk with me every day to the seashore, and when I came to America I was not sick at all."

In Japan, Fumiko says, people walk about a great deal more than they do here—simply because there are no trains. On the whole, she thinks that American girls are much livelier and healthier than Japanese girls. They have more energy. In Japan most—or at least two thirds—of the college girls have tuberculosis because of malnutrition. In the last five years they have begun to organize sports, and now they have tennis and baseball and other sports.

Fumiko is known for her pleasant and cheerful disposition. In a story, "Out from the Land of Shadow," printed last year in the Mount Holyoke Monthly, she says:

"What is the matter with me, that I laugh so much? It seems as if the spirits of laughter were always dancing within me and trying to come out at the slightest incident—the wink of a freshman opposite me at table, or the shape of an apple fritter, reminding me of an amoeba which I saw under the microscope. When I was little I did not laugh so much as I do now. Why? Because I was born in the land of shadows! It was only after I entered the college in Tokyo that the



Daniela Autonescu from Roumania and Leda Sebkova from Czechoslovakia, both students at Vassar College

world of light and laughter came upon me. Schoolgirl days in that city had been the gloomiest in my life. The little sunburnt barefoot girl was too wild for the city. I felt like a prisoner with no mountain or field whither to run."

And Fumiko says at the end of this story, which is the story of her life: "Each man is a treasury rich and rare, and I am a happy adventurer to open these treasures. The key I have in myself. With this belief I carried my adventure to America, and I am joyous because the riches even surpassed my expectation. Sometimes I stop to think and wonder why I am so blessed. I meet the nicest girls everywhere. I cannot help smiling at the goodness of my friends around me. And their mirth keeps me laughing all the time."

Next Week

I hope that I can show you some of the contest letters on "Why I Want to Go to College" and "Why I Don't Want to Go to College." There have been so many of them! I did not realize that you were all so keenly interested in the question of "To Go or Not To Go," or that you had all thought it over so thoroughly. Let me congratulate you—all of you, but very especially the winners, whose names are—but that I cannot tell you until next week. Watch for the May 20th issue!

Hazel Gray

IVORY SOAP SCULPTURE

LESSON NO. 5

By MARGARET J. POSTGATE

The Seal from the Polar Seas

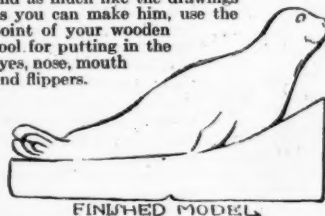
"I've left my northern sea
To sit upon a floe (of ice and snow)
To pose, you know.
I'm flattered so (to have you show
My form in Ivory)
That when you go
To work, I'll smile most pleasantly!"

TO start making this plump, well-fed looking harbor seal, draw his two sides on the cake of Ivory soap and cut away to the dotted lines. This time we have more base (or "plinth," as we sculptors call it), to indicate the seal's bank of ice or snow. Now draw the top. Notice that you have little or nothing to cut away at the ends.

The seal is very sleek and the wire tool (if it is firmly and carefully made) is the best one to use in trying to smooth him down. Cut or shave with this tool down to the actual form of the seal.

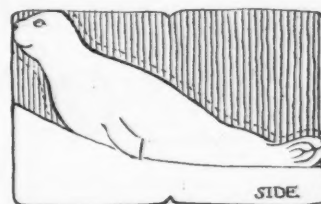
Note in the drawing of the top how the widest part of the animal comes at the first quarter division of the soap. He then grows gradually more slender until near the end his tail grows as wide as the front part of his face.

When he is sleek and smooth and as much like the drawings as you can make him, use the point of your wooden tool for putting in the eyes, nose, mouth and flippers.



TOOLS NEEDED:

1. Penknife or paring knife.
2. Orange stick with one blade-shaped end and one pointed end (A).



3. Orange stick with hair pin tied firmly to one end (wire tool). Bend the hair pin as shown in the picture, (B) tie it firmly to the orange stick (C & D) and file it to a sharp edge.

IMPORTANT—Save all your chips and shavings for your mother. She will be pleased to see that you are not wasting any Ivory Soap, and she will no doubt use every bit for her dishes or to launder things. Any seal you don't care to keep for exhibition purposes, you can use to wash with. (Seals are used to swimming, you know, and an Ivory seal is sure to float!) Use Ivory for your face and hands and for your bath every day. With the fine, pure, Ivory lather, it's easy and pleasant to keep as clean as even parents and teachers expect.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% Pure It Floats

© 1926 Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio

BOYS—MOTHERS—FATHERS—This Book is FREE



You can have fun all the year round with an electric engine that you can take apart and put together, often as you want to, all parts replaceable. This new book tells all about the only "take apart" electric locomotive—Dorfan Loco Builder. A wonderful birthday gift for boy or girl. Book also shows and describes electric and mechanical trains of all kinds, lifelike passenger cars, freight cars, coal cars, tank cars, switch towers, block signals, tunnels, bridges, etc.—to tell everything in the book would take page after page of this magazine. Just off the press, edition limited, so write for your copy today.

The Dorfan Co., Dept. YC. 137 Jackson St., Newark, N.J.

DORFAN ELECTRIC TRAINS WITH THE NEW LOCO BUILDER



"Save—Succeed"

Build a vacation and school fund. This Liberty Bell Home Savings Bank (Size 3 3/4 x 4) is yours for \$1.00. The famous Liberty Bell announced National Independence July 4, 1776. Ask for historical folder FREE. The Bankers Savings & Credit System Co., 10362 Madison Ave., Cleveland, O.

ALL new things are presented to the world through advertising. If you want to keep abreast of the times and know what is new, you must read advertisements and answer them, too, securing catalogs, booklets, or other printed matter. In sending your request please say that you saw the advertisement in The Youth's Companion.

The Purity of Cuticura Makes It Unexcelled For All Toilet Purposes

Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed

Let Stillman's Freckle Cream bleach them out while you sleep, leaving your skin soft and white, fresh and clear. This snow-white magical cream brings new beauty to your complexion. Never fails; famous for 32 years; results guaranteed. At all druggists, 50c and \$1. Send today for "Beauty Parlor Secrets," giving useful hints about make-up and skin treatment used by stage stars.

THE STILLMAN CO.
24 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

You Can Play It

If It's a Buescher Saxophone

We give 3 free lessons with each new instrument. They start you. Teach yourself. It's great fun practicing because you learn so quickly. Even though you have failed with some other instrument, you can learn the Buescher Saxophone. And it will make you the most popular person in your set. 6 days' free trial in your own home, any instrument. No obligations. Easy terms if you decide to buy. Send now for beautiful free literature. A postal brings liberal proposition. Address:

Buescher Band Instrument Co. (5)
1557 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

BOYS

Here is Good Money for You! Cut out this advertisement; write

Your Name

and Address

I will then send you 20 packages of beautiful Maine post cards. When you have sold them at 10 cents a package, keep \$1 for yourself and send me the other \$1. Memento I will trust you, and send you more when these are gone. Betty Williams, P. O. Box 698, Bangor, Maine.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Ray Coon and the Doughnuts

By G. H. Smith

ONE day as Ray Coon was walking through the woods he caught a whiff of something.

"The Fox boys' mother is making doughnuts," he remarked. "Smells good."

But he went on past the lane that led to the Fox boys' house.

When he came back that way an hour later the smell was still in the air. It made him wrinkle up his nose and sniff. He sniffed so hard that at first he did not hear another kind of sniffing in a near-by bush.

After a while he stopped and listened. "Hello there," he called. "Who's that sniffing behind that huckleberry bush?"

There was no answer, but the sound stopped. Ray stuck out his chest and went closer. "Speak up!" he said.

There was a loud sniff behind the huckleberry bush followed by a loud sob.

Ray jumped. "Who is it?" he called with much sternness.

A small voice answered dolefully, "It's me."

With one bound Ray was on the other side of the bush. He found two forlorn little rabbits huddled there.

"Wigglenose and Tiny Gray," he said, "tell me this instant what you are crying about."

Wigglenose buried his face in the huckleberry leaves, but Tiny piped up tearfully, "We ate the holes."

"Ate the holes?" Ray said. "How on earth could anyone eat a hole?"

"You do it before you know," Tiny answered in a shaken voice.

"You do it before you know," Wiggle echoed sadly, "and then your kites are gone forever."

Ray gave him a shake. "Where were the holes?"

Wigglenose groaned. "In the doughnuts," he replied.

"Doughnuts, aha!" said Ray. He added

They handed over the kites and went trotting off with a large bag of doughnuts



to himself, "O dear, I am afraid the Fox boys are at the bottom of this."

Little by little the story came out. Wigglenose and Tiny, off on an errand with their new kites, had smelled a tempting smell and wandered into the Fox place. They hoped that Mrs. Fox would offer them some doughnuts. Reddy and Rusty came out to meet them.

"Fine kites you have there, Wig and Tiny," they said.

The two visitors replied politely, "Fine doughnuts your mother makes."

The Fox brothers grinned. "Come in and eat some while we fly your kites," they said.

The young Grays looked eager, but they hesitated; they had suddenly remembered something. Their mother had told them never to visit while they were doing errands.

"Well, anyway," said Rusty, "you can take a bag of doughnuts with you on the errand."

"And," added Reddy, "you might just leave the kites until you come back this way."

The little brother and sister readily agreed. They handed over the kites and went trotting off with a large bag of doughnuts.

When Reddy handed them the bag he said, "But remember one thing: you're not to eat the holes. That's in the bargain."

Wiggle and Tiny were so eager for a taste of doughnut that they scarcely heard him. "We won't," they promised.

"Remember," Rusty called after them. "Bring back the holes!"

"What does he mean?" they wondered; but they called back "All right, all right," in hearty tones.

Wiggle broke down again as he finished the story. "And then," he blubbered, "we went and ate the holes before we knew."

"Before we knew," quavered Tiny. "And now we dare not go back for our kites."

Ray sat down and thought for a long while. At length he said, "Where is the paper bag?"

Wigglenose handed it over. It was empty, but with the top twisted it looked fat and full.

Ray put it back into Wiggle's hand. "Come along to the Fox boys' house," he said.

"What, without the doughnut holes?" the others gasped.

"No," said Ray. "Come on."

They found Reddy and Rusty playing in the back yard. The two brothers scowled when they saw Ray Coon.

"These children have come for their kites," Ray said. His voice was polite but positive.

Reddy and Rusty had hoped to keep the kites for at least a day. They caught sight of the fat-looking paper bag and scowled harder than ever.

"So you didn't eat the doughnuts?" Reddy said.

Wiggle and Tiny answered in low tones, "Oh, yes, we did, thank you." Whereupon Reddy and Rusty looked pleased.

"Aha," said Rusty, "did you bring back the holes?"

Wiggle and Tiny cast scared looks at each other.

Reddy Fox began to snigger. "Give us back the holes," he said, "and we'll give you back the kites. That was the bargain."

Ray pointed to the bag. "There are the holes," he said. "Hand them over, Wigglenose."

"What do you mean, Ray Coon?" Reddy asked angrily. "Answer my question, sir!"

"I mean what I say," replied Ray. "Now

you answer my question: What are holes made of, Reddy Fox?"

The Fox boys looked taken aback.

Ray pointed to a doughnut in Reddy's hand. "What is that hole made of?" he asked. "Answer me, sir."

Reddy fidgeted. Then he said sulkily, "Made of nothing."

Rusty began to bluster. "It's made of air," he snapped.

"Very well," was Ray's reply, "then here are your doughnut holes. Look for yourselves; the bag is chock full of air."

The Fox boys were keen enough to see that they had been caught in their own trap.

"You think yourself mighty smart, Ray Coon, now don't you?" one of them asked.

"Well, no, not very," Ray answered calmly. "But smart enough to see through your tricks sometimes. Hurry up and hand me over those kites."

As the three trudged down the road with the kites Wiggle said with a sigh, "You are very clever, you know, Ray Coon."

Tiny looked very thoughtful. "It's fine," she remarked, "that we hadn't eaten those holes. I was perfectly sure we had."

"Hand them over, Wigglenose," said Ray



THE HOLLYHOCKS

By Dorothy M. Watts

The hollyhocks stand prim and tall,

A rainbow by the garden wall. They seem to gaze with watchful eye

At all the people passing by.

So still they watch us in the sun We do not dare to skip or run;

And so we walk with step sedate

Till we're outside the garden gate.

But some glad wind with steps so gay

Came dancing through the garden way;

The hollyhocks began to bow, The hollyhocks are dancing now.

And when we see each swaying stalk

No longer do we primly walk, But skip and hop, far from sedate,

And hurry to the garden gate.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GIVE A PLAY?

We have two lovely spring plays all ready to send you. One is *The Planting of the Trees*; the other, *The Coming of the Flowers*. They are written with music and suggestions for costumes and stage settings. If you would like your copy, send fifteen cents in stamps to me; tell me which play you want, and I'll send it off to you right away.

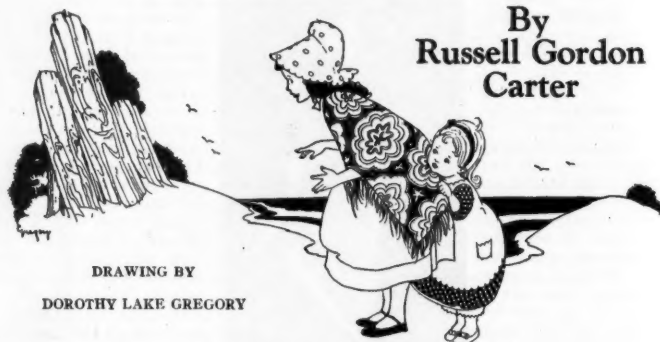
EDITOR CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Youth's Companion

8 Arlington Street, Boston

DRIFTWOOD

By
Russell Gordon
Carter



DRAWING BY

DOROTHY LAKE GREGORY

Buried treasure on the coast,
The loot of Morgan, Kidd and Teach—
Jane and I set out to find it
Yesterday upon the beach.

Driftwood buried in the sand,
The ribs of some swift pirate brig—
How we stood and stared at it
By the sea so stark and big!

For there, outlined by cracks and knots,
So faint at first 'twas almost hid,
We saw upon the weathered planks
The face of Morgan, Teach and Kidd!

DRAWINGS BY PAUL MASON

Fashions for the Young Girl

Betty's Graduation Dress

Dear Suzanne: Isn't this a sweet dress? If I could only wear something like this when I graduate! The diploma is Marjorie's. I borrowed it to lend tone to the picture. It gave me an unbelievable thrill just to hold it in my hands.

White Georgette crêpe trimmed with taffeta! The dress is with or without sleeves. It comes in other colors too—light blue, green, peach. The sizes are 13 to 17, and the price is \$25. There now, have I told you everything that is really necessary?

It comes from Filene's and may be had by sending your order to Hazel Grey.

The shoes are good-looking and expensive—\$10.50. They are white kid with white lizard trimming and black heels. They come in tan with tan lizard, too, and also in parchment with snake skin. The sizes are 3 to 8½; widths, AAA to D.

Can you realize that you will soon be coming home again? I should love to go up to New York to meet you at Adelaide's, but I'm not sure that I can. There are so many things to do here, and so many weddings! Everybody seems to be graduating or getting married, and some are doing both. Were you as thankful to Hazel Grey as I was for the "Gifts for Graduation" paper last week? I simply love those bath salts, and I'm giving the Italian cutwork towel to Jane for an engagement present.

Did you see the little powder box and perfume bottle? And those lovely-looking candlesticks? I want them terribly, because I think they would add the finishing touch to my room. And they aren't a bit expensive.

Do write soon.



Betty

NO WONDER HE WOULDN'T GO

THE janitor of a primary school was a fierce-looking man with drooping moustaches. Willie Purcell had spent his very first day in school and on coming home surprised his mother by being very silent and moody.

The next morning he refused to go to school. When she tried to take him there he kicked and squirmed until she finally allowed him to stay at home. At noon his father was told the strange news, "What's the matter with school?" asked father. "Why won't you go if mama takes you?" "No, no, daddy! No-o-o! I afraid," came out between sobs. "Yethday a big, big man came into school with a ladder, and he looked around, and he said, 'We won't hang them today—we'll hang them tomorrow!'"

ELIZABETH GREENE, Milton, Wis.

ALL BEACH

IT seems there was a bald-headed Brooklyn man who went with his wife and little girl to a beauty parlor, where his wife was to have her hair waved. The waiting was a little tedious, and finally the little girl stroked her daddy's bald dome meditatively and said tenderly:

"You don't have to bother about waves, do you daddy? You're all beach."

NORMA CORNEIL, Mazomanie, Wis., 13 years

Hazel Grey

ABOUT BOOKS

Dear Hazel Grey: I have just finished the most fascinating book about the wife of one of the founders of the Literary Digest. It is called "The Light in the Valley," is put out by the Funk & Wagnalls Company and costs \$1.50. Anna Willis was an extremely poor girl when she was young, and, being a sensitive creature, she was continually humiliated by her poverty. When she finally reached college, with not nearly enough clothes to fill her little trunk, she was

horribly embarrassed because, when the porter tipped up her trunk, you could hear her best dress and her everyday dress slide from one end to the other. Imagine it!

Near her own college lived and labored and nearly starved her future husband, one of the founders of the Literary Digest. It was at the time of the Civil War, and one whole month his entire expenditure for food was \$2.35.

Is this the sort of thing people mean when they talk about the "good old days"?

But the book is one of the most fascinating stories of real adventure that I have ever read. Little Anna's motto is, "Perseverance is a substitute for genius." Sometimes I wonder if it is a substitute, or if indeed it may not be the real thing.

What do you think?

Suzanne

ANOTHER

"Mystery Camp," by M. M. Dancy, is published by L. C. Page & Company, Boston, Mass. It costs \$1.75. For a modern boys' story, this is an unusually good one, suited to readers about thirteen years old. It doesn't take place in the general school or camp, but in an entirely different situation, with plenty of surprises and excitement. Though the parents are occasionally oversentimental and some of the characters don't cut much ice, the book is, on the whole, a thriller.

ONE YOU WILL LIKE

Lately I have read a very enchanting book. It is called "Gold's Gloom," is published by the University of Chicago Press and costs \$2. It is made up of tales from "The Panchatantra," the famous fable book of ancient India, translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur W. Ryder.

There is one story called "Numskull and the Rabbit" that you will all enjoy reading. It tells you that "intelligence is power." And another story, called "How Supersmart Ate the Elephant," ends like this:

"Sway patrons with obeisance;
In heroes raise a doubt;
Fling petty bribes to flunkies;
With equals, fight it out."

You will enjoy another story called "The Unteachable Monkey," and another named "The Frogs That Rode Snake-Back." It is really a thoroughly delightful book, and I recommend it.

If you want any of these books, send your check or money order for the amount, plus ten cents per volume for postage, to me, and I will ask our bookshop to send it to you.

You never read a story like this. Now you can have it—FREE

A book of most wonderful adventures and fun—for every boy and girl who likes good things to eat

LOOK out!" cried Teddy, "or it will run into the ditch."

Teddy and Sally were in a beautiful red automobile, with the King of Jumble-Up-Town. It was going backwards.

The queer little King laughed. "Everything runs backward or is upside down in Jumble-Up-Town."

And it all happened when they were on their way to school. A crack in the sidewalk opened up—a magic crack—and they slid down a long shoot-the-chutes and...

But that would be telling, wouldn't it? And it might spoil the fun for you.

Because you can have this book, free.

This tells how

A clever lady has written the story. And a great artist has painted loads of pictures about it.

If you would like to have this book, we'd like to give you one, free.

You do this

Boys and girls love CHECKERS. It's delicious. You'll like it.

There is a lot of crisp, fluffy popcorn and delicious peanuts. And over it all there is sweet, golden molasses syrup.

It comes in a red-



Waggy upsets the King—in the Roll A. Round's house. This is one of the pictures from the Jumble-Up Town book. In the book they're much larger and fully colored.

white-and-blue checkered box. And each box holds a surprise present for some lucky boy or girl.

* * *

Have Mother or Daddy buy you a box of Prize CHECKERS. Enjoy the delicious popcorn-candy. Save the ends of the box or the coupon. Every time you want something good, buy CHECKERS and save the ends. In just a few days you'll have five of them.

Then mail them to The CHECKERS LADY, The Shotwell Mfg. Co., P.O. Drawer M, Chicago, Ill., and she'll send you a pretty book. You'll have lots of fun with it.

NOTE TO MOTHERS:

We are sure the children will be pleased with this amusing book, and delighted with CHECKERS. And we are sure you'll approve of this wholesome confection—Government food experts say it furnishes the roughage and energy-giving sweet growing children need.

CHECKERS CANDIED POPCORN



If your dealer does not have genuine CHECKERS—in the checkerboard package—send his name to us. We will see that you are supplied.





1. The Temple of Wat Cheng, a Siamese place of worship along the course of the Y. C. Race. Here may be seen a real example of the beautiful handicraft of the Siamese people.

2. Tiger Hunting is one of the most exciting sports in India. The illustration shows a group of hunters, mounted on elephants ready to start out. One of the interesting things we find along the route of the Y. C. Fliers.

3. Where nature paints with a lavish hand. The beautiful ruins of the Agstein Castle, once a magnificent fortress and well known in Austrian history, still lifts its turreted head proudly. One of the beauty spots our Y. C. Fliers will pass in their Race Around the World.

4. One of the peculiarities of Paris, on the course of the Y. C. Airplane Race. The Book Shops on the banks of the Seine where book lovers for years have bought their literature.

5. There are few who have not heard about the famous Tower Bridge. Here it is just as it will look to the Y. C. Pilots in the World-Circling Airplane Race. It costs the city \$15 every time the bridge is raised for river boats to pass.

The Race Warms Up

The Youth's Companion's World-Circling Airplane Race Brings Out Many Contestants

BOYS and girls, men and women from every state as well as from many parts of Canada are getting into this novel contest. Watching your plane drive along at tremendous speed, gradually nosing ahead of your competitors is in itself most exciting sport, to say nothing of the Big Gold Prizes to be distributed to the winners. Every new subscription brings you a Premium and sends your plane 1,000 miles. Those who make the greatest distances before June 1 will receive the Gold, but a Cash Prize is assured to every one who flies at least 3,000 miles (3 new subscriptions). For full particulars turn to the March 4 Youth's Companion or write me.

8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

Mason Willis

Commander Y. C. Flying Squadron

How the Airplane Race Stood on April 23* With Six Weeks To Go

Pilot No.		Miles	Pilot No.		Miles
\$100 Class					
447	Harley Jackson, Connecticut	33000	333	Edwin Pope, Missouri	4000
\$75 Class					
1018	Mrs. Leanna Driftmier, Iowa	22000	1112	Ruth Doty, Tennessee	4000
\$50 Class					
589	S. A. Yelland, Alberta	20000	883	William Rethorst, Iowa	4000
\$40 Class					
500	Virginia Marvin, New York	20000	44	Iva L. Savery, Massachusetts	4000
\$30 Class					
1105	James Hannah Jr., California	13000	161	Raymond W. Schuh, Massachusetts	4000
\$20 Class					
173	Marcus F. C. Flaherty, New York	12000	503	Fraser Thompson, California	4000
387	James Bockoven, Arizona	10000	476	Arthur J. Trueblood, Iowa	4000
1353	Joe Dougherty, Virginia	9000	\$5 Class		
392	Arthur Wermuth, Illinois	9000	783	Edward M. Vickers, Ohio	4000
296	Rhonda Elrod, North Carolina	7000	1151	Roy Whitacre, Illinois	4000
\$15 Class					
27	Mary L. & Charles Ulrich, Pennsylvania	7000	735	John R. Burnett, New Hampshire	4000
86	Lois Auten, New Jersey	7000	321	Mildred Van Valkenburgh, Florida	4000
448	Paul Meredith, Michigan	7000	1054	Elmer Santisteban, Indiana	4000
1365	Marjorie Kirk, Oklahoma	7000	225	Gail C. Riggs, West Virginia	4000
20	B. A. Billings, Vermont	6000	684	Howard McDonald, Saskatchewan	4000
387	John Sabine, Massachusetts	6000	696	Gibson Shaw, Pennsylvania	4000
183	Louise I. West, Massachusetts	6000	113	O. E. & Charles Irish, Ohio	4000
738	Arthur Brown, Illinois	6000	123	Robert Ingersoll, Illinois	4000
978	Eugene H. Guthrie, Pennsylvania	6000	182	John E. Musgrave, Illinois	4000
1282	Chloe Deaton, Arkansas	6000	178	Sherwood Murray, Vermont	4000
1227	Walter C. Johnson, New York	6000	50	Rev. S. G. Hutton, Florida	4000
1565	D. Earl Archibald, New Brunswick	6000	1449	Shirley Patterson, Washington	4000
1293	Edward B. Higgins, Ontario	6000	237	Edmund F. Cushman, Florida	4000
588	Fraser S. Knight, Florida	5000	1431	George H. Seacord, California	4000
296	Lester Carlton, Nebraska	5000	1182	Robert L. Whitney, Maine	4000
\$10 Class					
1083	Donald Stixrood, Minnesota	5000	472	Ruth McWhorter, New York	4000
927	Julia Van Der Velde, Alberta	5000	103	M. K. Huston, Pennsylvania	4000
576	P. W. Allison, North Carolina	5000	127	Jessie H. Delano, New York	4000
102	Charles O. Bradstreet, Connecticut	5000	2	Roger D. Schofield, Vermont	4000
506	Junior Minear, Illinois	5000	1043	H. Roy Hanson, Newfoundland	3000
196	Allen Woolf, Nebraska	5000	108	Lucy Baldwin, Connecticut	3000
694	Blanche Wilson, Indiana	5000	433	George V. Carr Jr., New York	3000
1405	Kenneth Marks, Alberta	5000	149	Albert H. Chamberlain Jr., Massachusetts	3000
77	Edith Thomas, South Carolina	5000	8	Joseph E. Crocker, Maine	3000
1177	Mrs. W. H. Stowell, Arkansas	5000	968	Graydon Embree, British Columbia	3000
1530	Nettie M. Swartz, North Carolina	5000	224	Dwight Federlein, Iowa	3000
1140	Thelma Shepherd, Pennsylvania	5000	803	Edith Garbutt, Alberta	3000
512	Hermon King, Idaho	5000	318	Burchard M. Hazen, New Jersey	3000
1306	Randolph Barrows, Connecticut	4000	421	Merrick Hinds, Michigan	3000
643	James Buffington, Nebraska	4000	154	C. Edward Houghton, Massachusetts	3000
834	Emily Carpenter, Maine	4000	682	Frances Johnston, Arkansas	3000
984	Mrs. W. A. Hoyt, Ohio	4000	620	H. B. Jones Jr., Washington	3000
124	Robert F. Johnston, Ohio	4000	366	Betty Kleinsorge, Oregon	3000
			223	John E. Maier, Pennsylvania	3000
			354	H. E. Matthews, Pennsylvania	3000
			697	Lester Miller, North Carolina	3000
			40	Gordon Najjar, Massachusetts	3000
			895	Guy R. Neely, Oregon	3000
			72	Harl T. Palmer, Missouri	3000
			785	Drummond Paul Jr., Florida	3000
			74	Eugene Somerville, Missouri	3000
			172	Morris J. Taylor, New York	3000
			776	Grace Thomas, Michigan	3000
			314	John H. Tompkins, New York	3000
			214	Anna & Knox Turnbull, New Jersey	3000
			398	Mrs. Samuel Wacht Jr., New York	3000
			185	Mrs. C. J. Wildy, Colorado	3000
			393	Randall Young, Rhode Island	3000

* Note: This was the latest list available when this issue of The Companion went to press.

June 1 Is The Closing Date

ANY Companion subscriber, or member of a subscriber's household, may enter the Airplane Race. It's not too late to start now — many recent entrants are making wonderful progress. Getting Companion subscriptions is both pleasant and profitable. Why not start today and win your share of the prizes? To help you succeed we allow you to offer new subscribers eight additional numbers, or 60 weekly numbers for only \$2.00, the price of 52. This offer is open only during the contest, so make the most of your opportunity.